

MISCELLANIES,

BY MR. PRATT,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME. IV.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, IN PALL-MALL,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCE OF WALES, AND THEIR ROYAL
HIGHNESSES THE PRINCES.

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MISSISSIPPI

BY MR. FRANK

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME IV

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C O N T E N T S

OF THE

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MORAL

M O R A L T A L E S

A N D

E S S A Y S.

V o l. IV.

B



MOREAL TALE

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Vol. IV



EMILIUS AND CLARA.

LOVE of the purest kind, had united for some time, under the amiable laws of a happy marriage, the virtuous Clara and the wife Emilius. The Heavens, singularly propitious, had denied no favours to this tender pair at their first outset; but presently, by a circumstance which we shall admire in the issue, it

seemed as if the hand of Fortune had been wholly withdrawn. For the space of twelve sad months, every thing ran cross. Their numerous flocks of sheep, and droves of other cattle, were carried off by distemper. In the very birth of their harvest, an icy gale came untimely on and blasted the promise of their fields. The sudden hail destroyed their vines, and frustrated every hope from that quarter also.

Despoiled of all, Emilius sought immediate protection in the only resource that remained; his strong and able arms, engaged in the service of his late equals, now his superiors, to furnish, by daily toil, something for the support of his family;—Clara having presented him with two charming children. In the midst of this inverted fortune, however, they were still happy. The storms of fortune had, indeed, no other effect upon this amiable man, than to make him rise superior from the combat. So far were our worthy couple from repining at their mischances, that

that they possessed the secret of turning them to a happy advantage. Emilius reckoned it fortunate to be in trials with Clara; and Clara felt very slightly the weight of inconvenience, while she could see the face of her husband in smiles. Love, too, far from being driven out of doors by Poverty, according to the tenor of the Proverb, appeared more willing to establish in his dwelling. Misfortunes, in fact, render lovers additionally dear: since without being put to the test of fortune, they would have little opportunity of knowing the *value* of loving.— Thus, Clara never seemed so handsome to her dear Emilius, as at this cloudy season; nor did Emilius ever so thoroughly please his Clara.

Every day after work, Emilius congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoin Clara, in whom he felt at every return, new attractions. Seated at her side over their frugal blaze, under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knees

one of his infants, while the other hung harm-
-lessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his
fatigues; he forgot that he had been labouring
ever since the sun got up, even to his now going
down:—or, even if he did remember his wea-
riness, the recollection of exertions by which
he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the
bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile
from his Clara, rendered the whole more touch-
ing. Transported by these most agreeable pro-
spects, nothing disturbed their repose:—“All
was truly full.” The husband, the wife, and
their children, were together. Their imagina-
tions could picture nothing foster—nothing hap-
pier than themselves,

“Were the lord of our village to offer me all
his wealth (said Emilius to Clara); were I to
own those fields as a *proprietor*, in which I toil
as a labourer; and for the price of such property
and honour, propose a separation from thee, my
Clara” — “Separation!” replied Clara.—

“Thus

“ Thus would I answer (rejoined Emilius)—
Clara loves me :—she has given me herself :—we
have children :—she is now waiting for me :—
our little ones already prattle, and make every
effort to walk :—they hobble to the threshold,
and bid me farewell as I go to my work :—they
are sitting at the bank by the side of my door,
against my return :—in a short time, as the
warm weather and their strength comes on, they
will be meeting me half-way in the dusk of the
evening :—they will run themselves out of breath
with love ; and by the time that I have them in
my arms, I shall feel their little hearts panting
under my hand. In this situation shall I gain
my hut :—I shall find my evening’s repast quite
ready :—Clara knows the time of my leaving
off work ; and though my labour lies at some
distance from the house, Clara knows also that
I am an excellent walker, especially on my re-
turn. With her shall I partake my feast of eco-
nomy ; with her, shall I afterwards share the
balms of a soft repose :—in the morning I rise

from Clara :—I leave her ;—but I shall rejoin her once more in the evening, and the same pleasures will succeed to the same duties. After such a confession of my felicity, how can it be expected I will change conditions with any man upon earth ?”

“ No, dear Emilius (replied Clara, with an air and tone extremely soft)—Providence is still benignant towards us, since it still permits that we should love one another. What though it has taken away our wealth, it has left us ourselves. We have still our hearts, and those lie just where they should.”

The sight of their children always augmented this felicity. They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness, and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares and caresses. What a source of pleasure was it to Emilius and Clara,

EMILIUS AND CLARA.

69

Clara, to interpret their wills! to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to their innocent pastimes.

“ Delightful task,

To rear the tender thought!

To teach the young ideas how to shoot ;

To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind ;

To aid th’ enliv’ning spirit, and to fix

The generous purpose in the glowing breast !”

Ah! how happy was Emilius, when he felt the tender hands of his children struggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, and embrowned by the wind and weather! The son, one day, was curious to know the reason of this: “ and why papa (said he) is not your hand as soft as mine? Why is it so hard, papa?”—“ In making bread for you and your mother, (replied Emilius, with paternal and gentle dignity). It is, you see, almost worn out in the service.” “ Oh, oh! (cried the child)

child) is that the case? Well, then, by the time it has made us a little *more* bread, mine will grow stout enough to make bread, too; and then we shall *see*, papa, *whose* will be hardest." The child copied the virtuous pride of the father: Emilius blushed with joy, and Clara shed a tear.

It was one of the great amusements of Clara, to see her daughter pass her arms over her neck; and place her lips upon her bosom, as if in gratitude for the nourishment which it had received from thence.

Thus it was, that our worthy couple united Poverty with Content. Yet, an event afterwards took place, which for sometime, was too strongly tinged with misfortune, to be supported without alarm. Emilius, previous to his union with the beautiful Clara, was not the only man who had been sensible of that lady's accomplishments: many others were equally disposed

disposed to love her; and, in a more anxious degree than any of his competitors, the son and heir of the rich Akarias was distinguished.

Cresus, that was the name of this young gentleman, fixed too great a confidence of success in the elevation of birth and fortune; and this high notion of the importance of wealth in all matrimonial advances, induced him to make a merit of his riches in the presence of Clara. Now it happened that the very circumstances, which, in the opinion of Cresus, facilitated his conquest, were, in a mind like Clara's, the very circumstances which precisely made conquest more difficult. Gold, merely as a collected treasure, never had sufficient brilliance in the eye of this young lady, to dazzle her: she soberly knew its value and its defect.

Emilius, adorned amidst his poverty, succeeded much better in his pretensions. They were better supported.—An upright heart, a good understanding,

derstanding, a susceptible soul, and the most ingenuous affections: these were the possessions he offered to Clara. Such a portion appeared precious—She very willingly heard Emilius—She did not long hesitate—She considered him as a man worthy to be the master of her heart; and with a peculiar generosity, she gave him the entire dominion of it. Cresus was not only angry at the disappointment, but piqued, at considering the preference which was shewn the man for whom he was rejected. “Am I (said he) thrown aside for Emilius? One whom *nobody* knows, and who never can hope to be *any body*?” From anger he heated into rage.—He resolved to appease it by revenge. “At least (said he), I may be able to render their union miserable, if I cannot wholly destroy it.” Luckily for his malignant purposes; he had for his father a man perfectly fordid; one of those mortals who may well be called the scourges of society—Narrow of understanding, devoid of honour; his heart hard and insensible.—He considered huma-

nity

nity as a weakness, and compassion as a name. Interest, he said, was the first passion of the soul. —He was avaricious, ignorant, jealous, and envious. His thirst for gain was never to be quenched; and of his avarice it might be said, his love of money was cherished and inflamed by the very causes which ought to extinguish it.

It happened that Emilius was debtor for a pretty large sum, which his necessities had obliged him to borrow; but what is worse, he had for his creditor this very Akarias, the father of Cresus. But still more to top the misfortunes of Emilius, he owed yet another sum. He was a whole year in arrear with regard to the payment of the land-tax, and Akarias was the collector;

Cresus was no sooner made acquainted with this matter, than he seized an opportunity so favourable. He obtained, without difficulty, the leave of his father, under pretence of saving him trouble, to be himself the collector at the house

house of Emilius.—“Go, my son, then (exclaimed the old man); go, and gather together my dues to the uttermost penny. But take care not to yield up thy heart to unprofitable effeminacy:—be firm:—be fixed;—be resolute;—be hard;—be worthy of Akarias.”

Cresus promised to obey, and departed. He was, however, more animated by his own private resentment, than by the advice of his father. To do him justice, his heart was not yet able to relish completely his instructions.

Attended by one servant, he arrived at the poor, but cheery habitation of the unfortunate Emilius. The door was found open; and, rejoicing in the profits of anticipated plunder, his servant entered with an abrupt and menacing air. Cresus did not follow immediately. The spectacle which presented itself before him, became a barrier to expedite his cruelty. The sight of Clara was, of itself, sufficient to
keep

keep his barbarity within some bounds of decorum. Her eyes made him forget the instructions of his father; and to extinguish for a moment the remembrance of himself.

Clara, alarmed at all which passed, threw herself, at the entering of Cresus, into the arms of her husband, who was at home. Cresus stooped: he grew pale:—a tear was hurrying from his heart to his eye. But the rapacious servant did not leave him time to be softened: he awaked him to a full sense of the object of his visitation. Cresus, as if against his nature, permitted, after the usual ceremonies, that a list should be taken of the furniture. He was not disobeyed.—Scarce he had spoke the permission, before it was performed. An unhallowed hand was laid upon every thing. No sooner was the list made, than all was carried off in an instant: they left nothing:—they forgot not the most trifling article. The cottage was stript of all its comforts in the twinkling of the eye.

The

The inhuman creatures pushed their purposes even to seizing an earthen vessel, wherein was heating the food of the little ones, and impiously threw away the contents. What is too hard for cruelty in office? Clara fainted at this last act.—Emilius exclaimed, “Rather take the lives of my children, than destroy the means by which I may support them!” Grief did not permit him to say more. Clara no sooner recovered from the swoon, than she fell at the feet of Crefus.

“You were born generous—Your heart is susceptible—What objects were ever better suited to excite its compassion?—Look upon us—Pray, look upon us—Thank Heaven, I see you are not a hard man!—Your eyes instruct me in the emotions of your soul!—Ah! you begin to interest yourself for us—I am sure you do!”

Pray, Reader, consider well this picture—
Clara upon her knees; her arms extended; her
fair

fair face bathed in tears; her eyes declined; a lovely blush upon her cheek; the children hanging about her; her husband in the attitude of despair.

Cresus was not able to resist it. Raising Clara from her humiliated posture, he spoke thus :

“ Fear nothing, beautiful Clara; you were always dear to me :—to-day I will end your sorrows, and begin your happiness.—Since your heart is not ungrateful, Clara, I hope you will condescend to add to the benefit I intend you, one compliment to Cresus, by way of a receipt in full—You will bestow on me, yourself.—Upon these conditions only, can I comply with your request. But you turn pale :—you remain suspended.—Are you able to hold the matter in balance, then? Does not your choice ought to be decided without a moment’s delay ?” —

“ It is, it is decided (answered Clara, running while she spoke, again into the outspread arms of

her husband). Continue to be wretched, my dear Emilius.—We had better cease to be at all, than to be guilty.—If we lose our wealth, let us not purchase it back at the price of our honour :—that is the most precious of our treasures ;—and yet—cruel alternative !—Dear husband—dear infants !—a crime would save you.—The innocence of thy mother will be thy destruction.—What is to be done ?—You must either starve, or else I must purchase the means of your existence, by rendering myself unworthy of ye. Oh Heavens ! inspire—instruct me !—Perish ?”—“Yes—let us perish (said Emilius) the victims of our duty ; — myself, my children ;—even thee, rather than be vile !—Is it possible for us to live, while we blush at life ? No, no ;—we will die.”

A mournful silence succeeded this rhapsody.—Cresus fell into a profound reverie : his heart, yet young in villany, had not acquired that flintiness which resists every impressing power of virtue.

Remorse

Remorse had still its poignancy. After a second fit of reflection, he struck his hand on his bosom, and in a loud voice exclaimed—"Behold the power of Virtue!—She triumphs even over Love!—Amiable pair, be happy as ye are good! Your conduct has changed my heart; it admires your fidelity: it detests, even more perhaps than ye, the outrage it has made. Permit me, then, to attempt a reparation.—My happiness depends on your's.—What a joy, that I have the power of aiding it!—Accept this present: the sum of money intended to bribe away innocence, is surrendered to expiate intentional crime, and pacify offended virtue. All your little property shall be restored: permit me to add, with a share of my own.—You shall always have my entire esteem:—Heaven knows, it will be long before I can merit yours."

C 2

Cresus

Cresus, after having finished his conversation, retired, and heaped benefits upon them; and every day was marked by some testimony of his regard and reformation.

THE
P R O S P E C T S;
O R,
L O V E ' S P H I L O S O P H Y.

WHAT a sight is here, for one who admires the simplicity and magnificence of Nature! Seated upon the point of a rock, I behold, under my feet, an infinite number of little islands, shaped, exact or angular, according to the caprice of the waves which encompass them. In this situation, I seem to be the fabled God of the source from whence the waters descend upon the plains. Nature permits me, at least such is the flattery of imagination, to reign over the spot where she exhibits her scenery to the fairest advantage. What freshness in the air! Every breeze is embalmed!—

What fragrance in the herbs ! They are springing around me ; they vegetate the very rock, and cover its summit and sides with verdure. The day-break begins to dissipate the shades of the night ; but the soft light comes on so gently, that the vapours are imperceptibly dispelled. The dark veil, which lately hung upon the brow of the hill, is removed for a mantle perfectly transparent. Already one half of the heavens is illuminated. The birth of a new morning is announced by the voice of animated Nature. The rising zephyr rustles among the leaves.— From the neighbouring cottages ascend the wreaths of smoke. The planet Venus, alone, disputes for a while the empire of the morning ; but, after the contest of a few minutes, she retires vanquished, and leaves the triumph of Aurora complete. And now her triumph is indeed rapid. Ah ! too lively an emblem of human happiness. Nothing so brilliant while it is advancing ; nor any thing so short as its continuance. The tender colours of the morn
pre-

presently give place to the more animated fire and hues of noon. The radiant sovereign of day seems vertically to dart his glories into the bowels of the earth! One may observe his beams, mounting in columns across the sphere!—The mountains appear to be composed of flame. What interesting objects!—Is it possible, that I should be the only person who am busied in contemplating them! If such scenery fails, what can be contrived to excite and rouse the curiosity of man! Notwithstanding these reflections, it is certain that there are many thousands of persons, and persons of genius, taste, and understanding too, who prefer very different pleasures of the country—even the studied graces of our gardens, and the elaborate beauties of our terrasses. I confess, so greatly am I devoted to pure nature, that I am not of this number. Thus seated upon a jutting of my rock, I am more delighted than in viewing the best ordered suite of rooms in the world. Methinks I could voluntarily yield up

the residue of life, to this moral solitude. As yet the day is not very far spent, and I will see if my philosophy does not deceive me; behold me then, resolved to take my frugal repast in a cavity of the mountain. This day, will I realize that poetical simplicity, which I have so often observed to flourish in printed description. But soft, I have just such a hollow as suits my purpose. The rock broken and gapped in several parts, opens a passage to streams of living waters, whose murmur and cadence promise me gentle sounds, light sleep, and peaceful dreams. Oh! shall I now envy the luxury of cities?—But, alas! am I not alone? False, foolish question! Nature is with me; she deigns to speak; she talks with the frankness of a friend, I hear her divine voice glide like softest music into the recesses of my retreat; her delicious conversation gives me a still greater distaste to the jargon of the world, the din of trade, and the insipid softnesses of gallantry. The heat of the sun is at this moment indeed intense; but
the

the depth of my grotto secures me sufficiently from those torrents of effulgent light which are darted on its summit.—The panting animals seek the shade; the birds make to themselves curtains and bowers of the branches: they all pass in repose and in covert, those hours when their food is robbed of its dewy freshness; but the kindly drops of evening shall restore its relish. How is it, then, that, after living so many years for the world, I only now begin to live for myself? My books shall follow me into my retreat. They forbid that I should break off entirely my commerce with mankind. Incapable any longer to annoy me, I shall have leisure to descend into their hearts; and carry the light of Philosophy into those gloomy labyrinths wherein they seduce our reason. Separated from those mists of error which envelope the headstrong passions, I will now be a calm spectator of all their manœuvres. Seated in this solitude, I may secure my virtue, disengage my senses from those frivolous fetters in which foolish women
have

have bound them, and feel renewed the force of my understanding, and the force of my reason. Thee, too, immortal Truth, thee will I follow! Flattery and Ambition I discard; and even thou (wicked offspring of Idleness and Pleasure), Love—yes, thou shalt either fly my presence, or abide it to be disarmed. Esteem only shall regulate my future choice; and surrounded as I am by the chains which I know thou hast forged, I will still be free. Tender without ostentation; faithful without effort; ingenuous without art; and virtuous without disguise: such are the qualities which henceforth shall characterize me. Be it thine, tyrant of the soul, to extend thy sceptre over cities; to demand the homage of thy servile slaves; govern an infatuated world; and advance even to the throne. Be it thine, to evince in the same instant feebleness and force. Tranquil in the sacred retreat of my rock, I defy thy malice and thy power. From a friendly opening in front, I behold at a distance the immense theatre of thy follies; and

and I make, at last, an amusing speculation of that passion which other men convert into a serious circumstance. But farewell, intruder;—twang thy bow at vulnerable bosoms—farewell! A more engaging scene presents itself; it is this moment passing under my eye, and is every way worthy a philosopher's attention. The sun is preparing to set; the freshening zephyrs of the evening attend him; a light more soft and delicate descends from the tops of the trees, and gilds their trunks. I breathe the charming odours, which come wafted to me by the air. All is sweetness and serenity.—It seems as if Flora came to this very spot, to braid her beautiful tresses, to bathe in the stream that surrounds me, and to expand the fragrance which enriches them. Philosophy, Reason, and Innocence, are here met together: I see their fair forms now before me.—Ah! that I could for ever reside in this rock, where every object endeavours to fix me.—Base and busy world, adieu!—I have not a wish ungratified. But soft! Interrupted already!

already!—Whose equipage is that now crossing the plains? What troublesome companions bend their course this way? Can a lover of Nature never be private?—The intruders come fast upon me—Ha! surely I should know the face which I observe through the fore-glass of the carriage: certainly that female—Gracious Heaven! it is Amanda!—It is my wife!—It is herself!—She knows—she perceives—she beckons me! Her dear children, pledges of our affection, are putting their little hands out of the chariot; and inviting their father, whom they see at the lip of the rock. There is my worthy friend Manlius also; and they are all coming to upbraid and chide me for my absence. How could I leave them for so many hours!—How my heart throbs!—Oh! Philosophy, Philosophy, what art thou to Nature? Oh! Solitude, solitude, what art thou to Society?—Rock, farewell; I will return to my own fire-side. Meadows and fountains, adieu! The night cometh on, when only the “human face divine,”
and

and the haunts of my fellow-creatures, can delight me. Live within the ribs of a rock, indeed! Oh, preposterous! The Utopia of a happy man created by a fine day. — But oh, ye woods, streams, and caverns, your most ardent votaries, even the poets who gain immortality by describing ye, will run from all your beauties and all your blooms, when the adored countenances of lover, wife, and children appear, with the same rapidity as I now fly from this cave into the fond and faithful arms of Amanda.

THE
CEDARS AND PINES.

FROM THE FRENCH.

AMONGST that croud of writers who undertake the task of transmitting facts to posterity, there are, perhaps, two or three sufficiently scrupulous as to pique themselves upon exactitude; all the rest either invent or deceive; or else they do not see clearly, and so yield themselves up to delusion. These gentlemen, nevertheless, ought to look a little closer at their subject; and not have the boldness to give us as truths, a thousand histories which have their foundation only in the fairy-land of Fancy. But, should this be thought too much to require—should so rigid a propriety demand any efforts to which they are unequal, it is, at least,

least, necessary that they should not be so careless as to contradict one another. In this case, they would not only spare many *desagrémens* to themselves, but many fruitless and fatiguing researches to their readers.

It is, however, very long since the friends of Truth have expostulated with the friends of Fable upon this head. No matter: the absurdity still remains. From pride, or singularity, these men are *ambitiously contradictory*. It has, indeed, been in general, sufficient for them to enter into the opposite side of a question, merely on account of the celebrity of an antagonist; and one would think they esteemed it a disgrace, to be of an opinion which a predecessor had adopted.—Nor is this all. If they would content themselves simply to discover their sentiments, the mischief would be less atrocious; because, perhaps, in comparing one fact with another, a successful choice might be selected. But, unfortunately, these men are never eloquent but
when

when they are battling it in all the ardours of controversy. Read them on points which combat one another, you will find their ideas dressed out with art and probability. The notions which they engage to destroy or to expose, are refuted in a style so victorious and so plausible, that, after having attentively examined all sides, we almost always perceive, that they know nothing at all of the matter.

If we believe some authors, the Emperor Adrian had no children: if we credit others, he certainly had a daughter. But had he, or had he not? that is the question. One party affirms, and another denies. For pity's sake, ye miserable disputers, be of one mind. Ye, who know so well, when you choose it, the secret and most concealed privacies of a Prince, is it possible ye should so long remain ignorant of his lawful children? By what authority would you have us credit those facts which are, as it were, enveloped in mystery and darkness, when
we

we find you quarrelling amongst yourselves about a circumstance so public and so well attested as the marriage or the offspring of an Emperor?

Be that as it may, I for my part believe, that Adrian had a child, and that *that* child was a daughter. The worthy race of History-mongers tell us, that she died so young, she did not give time enough to leave any mark of her existence in the memory. This is not true; for her life is distinguished by an epocha which deserves the recollection of posterity. She caused almost the entire ruin of a people. Making the tour of Italy (for reasons which, did I fully know them, it is not necessary I should render account), a part of her carriage came to pieces on the road. This accident had, possibly, put a private traveller to a nonplus; but the servants of the Great are never puzzled by such petty embarrassments. The obstacles which would inconceivably delay others, are by them surmounted at a stroke, because they make no scruple of converting to their use every

thing within reach. They suppose all the conveniences in the universe exist only for the service of their *masters*, and sometimes for themselves.

In the neighbourhood of the spot where the carriage broke down, was a nursery of pines and cedars. The care which it apparently cost to plant them there, was a sufficient warning not to injure them. They were laid out in great order : a thick hedge separated them from the passenger, and every one had a particular cut or mark to distinguish it. Vain precaution ! It was quicker work for the servants of the Emperor's daughter to cut down some of these, belong to whomsoever they might, than to go to the neighbouring village for the wood which was wanting to repair the vehicle. All hands, therefore, went to felling. In the wantonness of *valetism*, if you will allow me so to call it, they levelled with the ground three or four trees, to choose one branch ; and as every body about the lady assisted, the chariot was presently mended.

The

The proprietors, however (certain Jews), were not far from their trees ; and the noise of the axe, which assailed their ears, made them run towards the sound to learn the cause of it. But the Princess was set off. No sooner had the Jews set foot in the nursery, than they saw the damages their trees had sustained, and the ravage which had been committed upon their property. In the first moment of passion to reflect coolly is impossible, Without asking any questions, or caring upon whom the arm of revenge should fall, they took up whatever defensive weapons they could first lay hands on, and followed the track of the carriage. Knowing the road much better than the objects of their vengeance, and taking, in consequence, the shortest cuts, the offenders were soon overtaken. These, not expecting such a salutation, were unprepared ; and the Jews ran upon them, and absolutely murdered all whom they could catch. The Princess herself was, with difficulty, saved, under the escort of a few attend-

36 THE CEDARS AND PINES.

ants, who were so adroit or so happy as to escape the carnage.

It is easy to imagine the made heavy complaints against the Jews. Her father, who had ever a dislike to them, very readily assisted her anger. He was even glad of so plausible an occasion to punish; and advanced without delay, at the head of a powerful army, into the heart of their country. Thus, in order to chastise, he exterminated a people. Notwithstanding the severity of the punishment, I shall not fail to be told, that the Jews were wrong, in the first instance, to kill the officers of a Princess for a morsel of wood. But you, who so lightly consider an edict of death issued against a whole people (thus might I reply, were I inclined to espouse the cause of the Jews)—do you know what was the motive which urged the Emperor to this stroke? Attend then to another circumstance, and do not condemn before you are instructed:

“Hear

“Hear all; and then let Justice hold the
“scale.”

Every set and sect of men have peculiar usages and customs, which are to them respectable, and to which they are attached. What good reason can be given, why the Jews should not have theirs? Amongst other of their customs were, formerly, the following: Immediately on the birth of a son, they ran to the nursery already spoken of, and planted a cedar; and as often as their wives lay-in of a daughter, they planted a pine. We should take notice, that the nuptial bed of the Jews was composed of these trees. The young couple slept always the first night after their marriage, upon the very cedar and pine which had been planted in the nursery on the day of their nativity. The Jews therefore, in pursuing the attendants of the Emperor's daughter, were less inexcusable than one might at first be led to imagine. Ought a first transport, founded upon the most authoritative passion of Nature,

and sanctioned by the holiest rites of Religion, to have been regarded by Adrian as an unpardonable crime? Many amongst the pursuers of the Princess might, perhaps, touch the moment when their Destinies should be joined to that of a beloved mistress; and how was it possible to help being hurried into passion, when, by a stroke of the hatchet, their fondest hopes were destroyed; and when, instead of a marriage which they imagined to be so near, they found it put back to the growth of a new plantation?

TWO FATHERS
AND
TWO MOTHERS
TO
ONE CHILD.

ANGELICA and Cleon met for the first time by accident at an assembly.—Angelica looked at Cleon so accurately in the first interview, that in the second, she scarce dared to look at him at all: Cleon being less timid, fixed his eyes with so steadfast a tenderness upon the lady, that he became enamoured. Cleon caught at the earliest occasion of speaking to Angelica in private. He declared love without ceremony, and swore to cherish his passion to the end of his life. This is what lovers make a point of; and may be considered as the oath of

initiation. Angelica conjured him *not* to love her;—family reasons making it impossible they should come together. “Unfortunate fellow that I am! (said Cleon) that is exactly my case: my father will be an eternal obstacle to the match.”—Hereupon they recounted (as is the practice of lovers) all the domestic circumstances which were likely to oppose their union; and resolved (for lovers are always making resolutions) very prudently, never to see each other any more. Angelica went out of the room; but (by an excess of discretion peculiar to lovers) she came back just to forbid Cleon ever to think of her. “Cruel that thou art! (said Cleon) to not only forbid me to love, but to think of you!” Upon this, he painted his misfortunes (all lovers call themselves unfortunate) in colours so passionately tender, that Angelica said, sighing, “Well then, Cleon, you may think of me some times, but I forbid you ever to attempt seeing me on any consideration.” “Forbid me to see you! (replied Cleon, throwing himself upon

TWO MOTHERS TO ONE CHILD. 4^I

upon his knees (in the manner that all lovers have thrown themselves since the passion began, and its birth is without a date).—Oh, for an instrument of death! (All lovers threaten themselves with a violent death), to love without hope of seeing the object beloved! Well, well then, Madam, I will die—I will die like a man.” Here he looked as much like a desperado as he could (as is the custom of lovers in like circumstances).—“Alas! (replied she, easily believing him), see me, Cleon; love me;—think of me; but do not *speak* to me, I charge you.” (Ladies are never cruel but when the object is indifferent to them, or are “cruel only to be kind).” Here Cleon had another fit of despair (in courtship these fits are extremely convenient), and once more threatened himself with sudden dissolution.—“Ah! heavens, (replied the trembling Angelica) speak to me, then, since it must be so; but take care that *nobody knows of it*—If I consent, it is from the hope there may be some change in our affairs.” “Change! (said Cleon, delighted

delighted at the success of threats (which are hourly sent forth, and really put into execution once or twice in a century); there will, there must—there shall—be a change:”

“There’s something whispers, we shall still be happy.”

(Nothing so well as a quotation in these cases, especially from a popular tragedy; — besides, lovers are always prophets, and have always forebodings of what is to befall them, good or bad). Well, they parted with a promise to obtain, if it were possible, the consent of their parents. “But it will be necessary to see one another, while this great business is carrying on (said Cleon), that we may compare notes, which has made the greatest progress.” “Why, that’s but reasonable,” said she.—(One point gained, others easily follow *en suite*). But notwithstanding these fair prospects, the obstacles were still stubborn; and, except in their own eyes (lovers see rather what

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what they hope and fear, than what really *is*), were in no degree diminished. The mutual *desire* to diminish them, was stronger than ever. In love, opposition kindles ardour, and difficulty stimulates pursuit. Cleon persuaded Angelica, that the common forms of marriage might be performed as well before him and the deity (who would be their witness), as before a priest and his whole congregation; upon which, the marriage vow (for love is a strange compound of credulity and suspicion) was reciprocally exchanged, and a ring (to bind the bargain) was put upon the finger of the betrothed, with the usual solemnities. Cleon's father was at this time from home; yet, as his consent was necessary (at least to future fortune), our adventurous pair put themselves in a way to obtain it. For this purpose, Cleon set out on a journey to the patrimonial mansion (for he was of good birth): the adieus were (as they ever were, and ever will be upon such occasions) partly sad and partly soothing:—a mixture of vows, tears, sighs,

fighs, smiles, and embracings. Both were however persuaded, that the clandestine nuptials would be publicly confirmed at the husband's return.—Several weeks, nevertheless, elapsed.—Angelica, divided between the different emotions of fear and hope, (the intermittent ague and fever of lovers) was not at first in so pitiable a state as afterwards she found herself. Reflection began to trouble her; (the first emotion of self-reproach, is, perhaps, the forest misery that enters the heart) she saw her fault, and trembled at its consequent disgraces. But as we have all some hope left, to support us under the most desperate calamity, she imagined that her error would be for ever concealed. Alas! she little suspected that a few months must necessarily betray the whole transaction.—The interval is agony.—She knew as yet but one half of her misfortunes, and her griefs were moderated by some soothing remembrances. The human mind under, sorrow, is always hunting for medicines proportioned to the disease. Paint to yourself
the

TWO FATHERS TO ONE CHILD. 45

the alarms of Angelica! Her lover absent;—trembling, yet wishing for the rap of the postman; and perpetually watching some tidings in vain. Imagine you see her begin to apprehend a fraud—that she is forgotten—forsaken—abandoned:—to whom could she complain? In whom should she confide? To weep in private was her only consolation. What a situation! (to desert her in it, may seem cruel to the Reader)—Yet the course of our history requires us to leave this our luckless heroine with a handkerchief at her eyes, to introduce other personages materially concerned in the scene.

A woman of fortune, had some years since taken unto her arms an honest citizen, who was very desirous of an heir to inherit those fortunes which he resolved no collateral branches of his own family (every sprig of which he hated), should be the better for. The lady's name was Dorimena; a character in perfect contrast to that of Angelica. Dorimena had the misfortune

tune not to answer her husband's hopes, and it was the cause of a sort of antipathy between them. One evening, therefore, as he came home melancholy and fullen, his wife, who really loved the man, and had been all day meditating a stratagem, no sooner saw him, than she ran with transport, and exclaimed, "Good news, my dear! I am so enchanted that I can scarce speak!"—"Upon what occasion?" said the husband. Instead of answering, she stepped back a few paces (finess'd a certain situation to a miracle) staggered a little till she reached an arm-chair, and then fainted away with the best grace in the world (and in a proper moment, too, or else a swoon is good for nothing): her lord hereupon put himself in a flurry, and tried all the fair water methods in usage on such occasions, to recover her. — She came as gradually as she ought to herself; and then, in a tone consistently enfeebled, and admirably artificial, "Ah! my most dear love!" she cries, "what poor creatures we are in certain

situ-

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situations !"——“ Situations !” cried the husband.——“ My life !” said she (taking his hand at the right moment) “ the tender doubts I have for some time entertained are confirmed.”——“ How ?” replied the triumphant citizen, “ and shall I then at last be a father ?” Upon this he expanded his arms to embrace the gentle dame. There was nothing now between them but tears real, and tears affected ; and in order to sustain the farce properly, she fainted and recovered, was sick and well, as becometh ladies in her delicate circumstances. Upon the strength of this, the husband set out upon a long meditated journey, convinced that he should find, on his return, the child of his hopes. No sooner was the good man gone, than Dorimena’s business was to fortify herself against the discovery of her neighbours. And first, it was necessary that she should appear to them a lady beginning to increase. Her first design was, to borrow a baby ; but then it was proper, in that affair, to have the help of a friend. This produced much secret meditation. At length

length she fixed upon a wise matron in the neighbourhood, who had formerly been her servant; a woman at once inventive and intriguing, whose name, if you please, shall be Deborah. Dorimena began by telling this Mrs. Deborah, that whatever trouble she incurred in the business, on her account, should be richly recompensed, and that her affair, in a few words, was this:—She resolved (and indeed had promised) to make her husband a father before his return. Deborah, full of zeal for the increase and conservation of the human species, began immediately to sing forth the praises of all the *discreet* young men of her acquaintance. “What!” said Dorimena, interrupting her with fury, “little dost thou know the integrity of this heart,” hitting herself a good thump on the bosom at the same time, to prove the strength of her virtue. “That is true (answered Deborah); but in order to please one’s husband, you know”—“Silence!” replied Dorimena. “How will you manage it then, Madam (cried Mrs. Deborah)? if you have hit
upon

upon any thing *new* in that way, I shall be glad to be instructed." Hereupon the two ladies had a very long conversation; the result of which was, that Mrs. Deborah should hunt secretly about the town and its environs, till she found a female, who as much feared to be publicly called a mother, as Dorimena desired it; and who, for the sake of secrecy, would be willing to yield up (for a time at least) the claims of a parent.—While the intriguing Mrs. Deborah was seeking about for this child of chance, Dorimena, on her part, began to play off all the affectations and grimaces of a lady in a certain state.—If any of her friends proposed a walk, she was afraid lest a false step should destroy her expectations. If a ride was suggested, the difficulty was in finding an easy carriage; and, even if it were easy, all carriages go upon wheels, and all wheels are liable to fly; or the coachman might be intoxicated; or the horses might start; or the whole body of the machine might upset. Her safest way was to keep at

home : but even *that* was not without danger.— She might be tempted to play at cards ; and card-players are so apt to twist their faces and make ugly contortions, that it might be fatal to look at them : on the same principle, public exhibitions were to be avoided—above all others the play-house ; because Comedy might mark her darling with the figure of Momus, and Pantomime with the form of Harlequin : she even denied herself the benefit of good living, to which she was not averse. But in some measure to make amends for this misfortune, she *longed* (as it is called) for some *delicateaus* difficult of attainment. In short, as all rudenesses and extravagancies are allowed to ladies in certain cases, Dorimena claimed her privileges ; and played her part so naturally, that she deceived even those who had perhaps played the same trick before her.

Let us now return to the poor, panting Angelica, who was all this time taking as much
pains

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pains (what a chain of petty deceptions link society together!) to conceal the faults in her waist, as Dorimena to spoil hers. Angelica was about this period seven months advanced, when she was constrained by her mother to visit a neighbouring lady, who happened to be our would-be-pregnant Dorimena. The mother of Angelica was one of those formal matrons who are exceedingly scrupulous about the ceremonial of visits. She had been for some time a call in Dorimena's debt; and resolved that her daughter should accompany her in performing the indispensable and fatiguing devoir. Poor Angelica pretended colds, head-achs, fevers, and all the convenient ailments, to no manner of purpose: the command was positive; she was obliged to go—Carry your fancy, Reader, the length of a few streets; and suppose our visitors entering an apartment where Dorimena is surrounded by a number of female friends, who are assembled together to pay the usual compliments of gratulation. It is impossible to ex-

press how much Angelica suffered from the imprisonment of a cruel pair of French stays; which, for the sake of her shape, her primitive mother had taken care to lace remarkably tight. This good woman took great pleasure in overdressing her daughter with her own hand, whenever she was to go out with her; and it was on such occasions that the poor Angelica had the utmost difficulty to conceal her situation. Dorimena, on the contrary, displayed the signals with all the ostentation and triumph of one who is about to be a parent according to Act of Parliament—much at her ease, and without any stays whatever.—Her gown was opened both behind and before, palpably to let folks see how it was with her; supporting at the same time her two arms over the elbow of her chair; as much as to say, “See, friends, what an honourable burthen I carry about me!” What a contrast!—The poor Angelica shrinking as it were from herself, and seeming to say, “How happy is that woman who can make a boast of the very circumstance

cumstance which to me would be attended with the greatest disgrace !” During these transactions, Mrs. Deborah (the sage) happened to be in the room with her mistress Dorimena, under pretence of supplying her with any little matter that might be wanting. To ladies in her situation, a thousand accidents may happen, for which it is the duty of a parent to be provided.—No sooner did Angelica enter the apartment, than Deborah, whose eyes were upon the scout, took notice of every suspicious particular, both in the size and walk of the unhappy young lady : this was sufficient to convince a woman of her sagacity, her researches were at length successful. Angelica perceiving herself so critically examined, was in the utmost uneasiness, while Deborah approached the ear of Dorimena, and softly said, “ There, Madam ; that is the person who seems to have too much of what you so ardently desire a little more.”—Angelica seeing them whisper, doubted not they were passing judgment. But what was her emo-

tion, when one of the company congratulated Dorimena upon the choice of so excellent a midwife as Mrs. Deborah. — At the word midwife, Angelica turned pale as the criminal at the first glance of the judge. Her knees trembled—her lips quivered; the roses flew from her cheek, and the languid horror of death sat impressed upon her countenance. The company were alarmed.—The mother fearing she was taken suddenly ill, ran to her, and assured her friends that it was only one of those fits which her dear father was very subject to.—Deborah officiously ran on the other side, and said, she could easily see it was a *family* disorder; but no sooner did the midwife lay her experienced fingers on her pulse, than the poor victim gave herself up for lost. In a word, she fell into fits; in which condition she was carried to an adjacent chamber, and put to bed, under pretence of getting a little repose. Deborah advised the company to retire. When she found herself alone with Deborah, it was the first moment of happiness

piness she had experienced since the departure of her lover ; for this harbinger of the human species began, with very little ceremony, to declare all she knew, and, in fine, to offer her services. This produced a confidence between them ; and the result was, that the difficulty which had been occasioned by love and indiscretion, was to be removed by friendship and prudence ; and that, without even her mother or any other person being the wiser. Mutual interest, like mutual love, soon connects people. From that day, Deborah and Angelica had private consultations, and concerted their measures together. Yet, as it was necessary to engage a third person in this business, Angelica fixed upon an aunt (occasionally very useful personages) for this confidence, with whom she was a particular favourite. Luckily for our heroine, this aunt had a villa very near town, to which they consented Angelica should go on a visit. Here it was that, by the assistance of the profound Mrs. Deborah, Angelica was relieved from those apprehensions

which the dread of infamy occasioned. No sooner was the business over than she returned to town, more genteel in shape, and more fair in complexion, than ever. The intriguing Deborah obtained, from the aunt and niece, full leave to take the infant in charge ; to which, by a written agreement, she promised to shew all the tenderness of a mother ; with this stipulation, however, in the articles, that whenever the real parent should be desirous to care for her little daughter (for it proved a female), she should at all times have free access. These preliminaries being settled, Deborah hastened to Dorimena, who was upon the tenter-hook of expectation till she heard of the safe delivery. In waiting this important event, she had, according to the due order of things conjugal and obstetrick, caused herself to be put to bed, where she lay counterfeiting pain—as it were in state—for some days, receiving the felicitations of her neighbours. But, alas ! these witnesses generally hang officiously about the bed in the critical hour ; and as they are always

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ways upon such occasions very familiar, it was difficult to elude their indiscreet curiosity.—

Meantime Deborah arrived with the child, through a bye-street which led by a private door into the garden; and, as good luck would have it, she gained the back stair-case leading to a little apartment, that was separated from that of Dorimena's only by a slight partition, which slid backwards and forwards.—No sooner had she reached this partition, than she gave the appointed signal; upon which the lying-in lady complained that she felt an uncommon heaviness, as if she were inclined to doze a little. “Indulge it by all means,” said one of the gossips: “in the mean time we will amuse ourselves in the next apartment.” Scarce were they gone, when Dorimena, anxious to know the truth, exclaimed, “Well, Deborah, is it hope or despair with us?” “All goes well,” replied the confidante. “We have relieved our poor little girl from that burthen, of which you shall immediately be the mother, upon easier terms than ever parent bore a child.”

a child." While they were concerting in this manner the *family-secret*, the child, weary perhaps of its inconvenient posture in the agitated arms of Deborah, began to cry like an infant already born. The neighbours, who were within hearing, ran immediately into the room; and all had been spoiled, if Dorimena, by an effort somewhat betwixt prescience and cunning, had not overwhelmed the feeble whinings of the child by the bolder notes of the full-grown woman in distress. To heighten the scene, Deborah, who had none of the softest voices, set up a cry likewise; and this chorus betwixt maid, mistress, and baby, produced a discord of sounds, not very unlike those which formerly were made by the Coribantes in order to keep from the ears of Saturn the cries of young Jupiter. In this moment of uproar and confusion, Deborah, who under her cloak had adroitly concealed the infant, took occasion, under pretence of embracing her poor mistress, to slide the little creature into the bed.

—Dorimena at this crisis threw herself into
very

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very proper and consistent agitations, as if attacked by labour-pains ; and almost in the same instant the midwife called out, " As I live, the delivery is completed in a manner almost miraculous !"—Upon hearing this joyful news, the gossips threw aside the curtains, and received the new-born babe from the hands of Deborah ; who, after admiring its incomparable beauty in the usual style of extravagant panegyric, declared that it was a little monster of its age, and that, in all the time of her practice, she had never seen such a bouncer. To this the whole company readily assented, not without much superstitious lifting-up of eyes, and shrugging of shoulders. Their joy becoming vociferous, Deborah informed them, that her mistress complained of a terrible head-ach ; upon which her sympathizing friends went out of the chamber on tip-toe, in hopes of another holiday at the christening. Thus, then, have we brought a very fine child into the family, and even into the bed-chamber of Dorimena. It was nursed at this
good

good lady's for some time, before the real mother knew that it was in her possession.

The materials from which these facts are collected, do not instruct me by what means the real parent became first acquainted with it; but it is worth your while, Reader, to attend to the sequel.—You have already seen the timid Angelica concealing, with fear and trembling, the effects of her stolen marriage; and now behold her in a situation to brave every former fear, and even publicly re-claiming the little living witness of her transgression. This sudden revolution would scarce appear probable, were I not to relate the particular circumstances which led to it.—Angelica had not received any intelligence from Cleon, since the time that he set out to obtain his father's permission to bless and confirm a union which had begun so precipitately.—Cleon, at the time of departure, indeed, entertained all those romantic sentiments of love and gratitude, which generally

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rally fill the young mind till its ardour is abated by new objects. But this ardour in our hero cooled even upon the road; and though he still loved, it was a sensation perfectly pacific. To make it still more so, his father died on the evening of his arrival. By this event he became heir to a very large fortune; to exhaust which in the fashions and fooleries of the times, employed his whole leisure, so that he had not the interval of a moment to bestow upon the forgotten Angelica.—After a cruel oblivion of some years, Cleon fell sick of a fever, which reduced him both to reason and reflection. Then it was, for the first time, he recollected, that he had both a wife and a child, who were probably in distress. The thought, though it increased the disorder of his body, immediately began the reformation of his mind. He sent for both these dear objects. Angelica came, and related her whole history since his departure, in the most touching manner.—Some time after, Cleon
recovered;

recovered ; and it was his first business to attend Angelica into the country ; where he publicly acknowledged her as his wife, unfolded all the mysterious circumstances relating to the child, and insisted upon its being claimed according to the articles.—Mrs. Deborah was sent for ; who seeing the parties resolved, made a fair and full confession ; upon which, Dorimena received an unexpected visit. It happened both she and her husband were at that moment indulging themselves with all those gay hopes which parents cherish in the presence of an only child—for by this time Dorimena loved it as her own. The infant was upon her knee, when the real parents entered the room. Their errand was announced without ceremony ; and while Angelica ran to her child, Cleon introduced Deborah to corroborate the claim.—No pen can describe the surprize of Dorimena, or of her deluded husband. A little conversation, however, discovered so many favourable circumstances

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stances to apologize for the conduct of the fictitious mother, who had only the satisfaction and love of her husband in view, that every intended reproach softened into gratitude and forgiveness.—“ Well,” said the imaginary father, “ I see the motive but too plainly to be displeased—since a good and innocent deception (but take care that it *be* innocent) is amongst the first blessings of life ; and I have had too much pleasure in the child, to be concerned at the good fortune of its having two fathers. Take it then, Sir,” said he, presenting it to Cleon, “ and cherish it as I have done. My will, however, is made in its favour. It has never done any thing to induce me to alter the clauses in which it is interested.”——“ This being the case,” rejoined the real father, “ we will share the dear property between us ; and in passing its time partly with you and partly with us, it shall cement the union betwixt our families.”

This

This proposal was highly relished by all parties; and thus concluded the History of the Daughter, at once claimed and protected by two Mothers and Fathers.

TAKE

TAKE YOUR CHOICE;

LOVE OR MONEY.

THE lovely Jacintha had been for some years the object of public admiration.—Whenever she visited the scenes of fashion, of compliment, or of courtship, the addresses of the men and envy of the women pursued her. In the meridian of personal beauty, she fixed her affections upon the agreeable Amintor, to whom she was attracted by gentleness of manners, delicacy of sentiment, and assiduity to please. In the progress of intimacy, he related his misfortunes, which, instead of alarming her friendship, increased her partiality. About this period Pharon was in her train. Pharon was an eminent merchant; and, as a testimony of his tenderness, he loaded her with promises of equipage.

deur, and all that is generally apt to bewitch the heart of woman, spread its pomps before her. Her own situation demanded assistance, and Pharon pressed her to accept his hand. In the mean time Amintor, conscious of his want of fortune, dared not venture to be solicitous ; and this very modesty, accompanied by all its charming attendants, had its weight with the judicious Jacintha. Pharon attempted to dazzle her imagination by driving his chariot, with gilt springs and Arabian horses, in view of the windows of her apartment. But whenever Amintor paid her a visit, he only put a book in his pocket, and was anxious to inspire her with a love of literature, and a taste for the beauties of Art and of Nature. She disregarded the coach, and sat down with the utmost composure to her reading-desk. Pharon, disappointed in his expectations, appealed from the visions of fancy to the plumes of personal vanity ; and, in the spirit of the times, dispatched the following tempting billet :

To

To JACINTHA.

"ANGELIC CREATURE,

"I WANT you to decorate
"a new house I am fitting up with the utmost
"magnificence. I have already purchased draw-
"ers, commodes, &c. which cannot be so well
"adorned as with your wardrobe; and as I
"flatter myself I have some taste, I wish you
"would honour me by giving your opinion of
"some pieces of silk and silver, and a variety of
"laces which have struck my eye. If you allow
"this indulgence, I will order my chariot to be
"at your door to-morrow morning, and we will
"go and take a trip to the first mercers in the
"city of London. I am, mean time,

"Dear Angel,

"Your PHARON."

Jacintha had scarce read this epistle, before the following was delivered to her :

TO JACINTHA.

"MADAM,

"I BLUSH to tell you,
"that I must disappoint myself of the visit I
"meditated this afternoon. An indispensable
"circumstance occasions it, and I am certain
"your politeness will pardon

"AMINTOR."

Something there was in this note which excited Jacintha's curiosity. She asked the messenger from whence he brought it. "From Mr. Snap's lock-up-house in Chancery-lane." The paper trembled in the fair hand of Jacintha at this intelligence; but disguising her uneasiness as well as possible, she desired both the servants to wait a few minutes without, and said she would pre-
pare

pare the answers. Let the ladies attend to her conduct, as they will see it faithfully delineated in what follows :

To AMINTOR.

" SIR,

" I AM extremely sorry
 " that any accident should deprive me of the
 " pleasure I expect from your company ; but
 " think it proper to tell you, that a gentleman
 " out of the City called here this morning ; and
 " telling me he was about to leave Town, and
 " that he had cash to pay you, intreated I would,
 " as a friend, receive the inclosed, in part of
 " payment, for your use. He would not leave
 " his name, but said he would explain particu-
 " lars at another opportunity. I am, SIR,

" Your most obedient Servant,

" JACINTHA."

TAKE YOUR CHOICE :

TO PHARON.

“ SIR,

“ I THINK it a duty to
 “ tell you, that it is impossible for me ever to
 “ yield either to silver filks, a magnificent
 “ house, a gilt chariot, or even to Pharon him-
 “ self, till my heart can assift the captivation of
 “ my eyes, and Love and Fortune go hand in
 “ hand together. I am, SIR,

“ Your humble Servant,

“ JACINTHA.”

These letters she sent severally by the respective messengers. Amintor immediately saw the generous stratagem, and was penetrated with gratitude. He made use of the assistance, extricated himself from his dilemma, and threw himself at the feet of his benefactress. Her tongue denied

denied what her cheeks bloomingly confessed: "Well, then (said she at last), I confess my awkwardness. I have done that duty to Merit, which Fortune cruelly neglected. But let us talk upon a more instructive subject. I have been looking at a volume of Pope, and find that I can make nothing of it without my master."

———Three years did Amintor court the mind of this young lady, and then he aspired to her hand; for he had seen her despise most of those superfluities which the common race of women consider as the essentials of human felicity. The day before the ceremony of the marriage, Amintor addressed Jacintha in this manner: "I cannot, my dear girl, reconcile to my own heart the honour you intend me, till I have fully informed you of my situation. I am exceedingly involved in a number of debts; out of which, time and indefatigable industry alone can extricate me. I have reason to believe some of my creditors will construe my misfortunes into unprincipled intentions, and persecute me as far as

authority is given them by the laws. Your own income is only sufficient for the ordinary purposes of a comfortable life ; and mine depends on the precarious profits of Science and the Muses—both, alas ! how poor !——Notwithstanding my tenderness, I am almost afraid to venture upon my present happiness, lest it should terminate in the future misery of her who produced it. That would be more than hard—it would be insupportable.”——Here Amintor paused, and Jacintha replied in this manner : “ You are little read in the temper of your Jacintha. I should be *myself* afraid to venture upon a man who brought me into splendid life ; because the obligation would hang so heavy on his side, that I should expect to be upbraided for being so infinitely elevated above my fortune. Every elegance with which he presented me, every ornament that he could lavish upon me, my most costly diversions and magnificent equipages, would be so many mementos that I was living on the bounty of a benefactor ; and I should,

should, therefore, be too conscious of my inferiority.—No, Amintor! give me a state of equality: give me a partner whom Heaven has reduced to the humble level of my own station. Give me a companion who can rub through the rugged paths of life without complaining. With him, whatever good befalls us will be doubly delightful; whatever we suffer will be divided. Our obligations will be exchanged: there can be no reproach, no pride, no jealousy. Love shall smooth our pillow, however coarse; and Industry shall spread our table—though not with rarities, yet with what is convenient to the moderate wishes of Content.”—They were soon united; and, in defiance of ill-fortune, found a balm in mutual fidelity.—Amintor lived many years an example for the men, and Jacintha was an illustrious pattern for the women.

A
F R A G M E N T
FOR THE
A F F E C T I O N A T E,

VERY many volumes have been written upon the subject of Love; much has been said in ridicule, much in sober seriousness. Writers and readers have alternately laughed and cried at it; but very few of either have entered with any accuracy into the delicate operations of the human heart under dominion of this peculiar passion. It has been described with all the pomps of poetry, and all the vanities of prose, with dreadful darts and furious flames, &c. &c. But neither tuneful romance nor pedantic fiction give us a faithful representation of Nature.—A friend

of

of mine used to say, "The passion of Love is often seen, generally felt, but seldom understood." This gentleman is a man of genius and tenderness, and was in his youth passionately fond of a young woman whose situation, as is usual enough, was not such as to meet the countenance of his parents. He had a custom of writing down, from time to time, by way of tender relief, his sentiments upon his disappointments, interviews, hopes, fears, and expectations, just as they arose in his mind. He put a paper of this kind the other day into my hands; and it contains so much of nature and simplicity, and so many evidences of a heart in love, that I shall offer it to the Public. My friend seems to have written these sketches in the very hey-day of his fondness; and has very properly called them, **THE AGITATIONS OF PASSION WHEN ATTENDED WITH DIFFICULTY.**

Thus

Thus begins the Fragment :

EVERY body knows, in these cases, how difficulties inflame desire. From the morning of our parting to the moment of our re-meeting, it was an anxious interval of scheme, expectation, and contrivance. I had eight miles to go ; in travelling which, only one wish presented itself, but ten thousand methods to accomplish it.— We were both guarded by the vigilance of our families ; not only spies were at work to detect us, but our letters were intercepted.— Yet the ingenuity of Love is a match even for the stratagems of Suspicion. This officiousness on their side served but to increase the ardour on ours. For my own part, my passion had by this time taken such entire possession of me, that it was not without doing the greatest violence to my inclinations, I forbore, like Don Quixote, to commit some imprudence, by which, though the madness of my affection would have been manifested, my prospects must

must have been destroyed. There was a wood at the distance of about three or four roods from her house; and this was the covert under which we renewed the purest vows, and concealed them from our persecutors. It was a notable contrivance, I can tell you, by which I first made my charmer acquainted with my retreat in this wood; for, after the violent altercation between the two families, it is not to be supposed that letters or messages would avail. Three days, therefore—three melancholy miserable days—did poor Fanny suffer the agonies of suspense, and began to despair of seeing me again, before I could hit upon any thing that carried with it even the shadow of hope; though in the course of that time a thousand stratagems offered, and were rejected; for knowing the prize I should lose by an unseasonable discovery, I was at least as cautious and discreet as it is possible for a young spirited fellow of twenty to be, who was over head and ears in love with one of the handsomest and healthiest girls in the world. At last I fixed

upon

upon what seemed the most likely scheme, and succeeded ;—and this was, to disguise myself as a farmer, ride up to the side of the house, and pretend to have lost my way ; or something else that might sound better, which I intended to settle as I went along. In pursuance of this plan (which I thought at least equal to any in Machiavel, but which I have found, since I became a novel-reader, is an old trick), I provided myself with exactly such habiliments as might correspond with my profession. At length being suited to my wish, I will take upon me to say, that when equipped, a more rustic jog-trot appearance never plodded to market from the hundreds of Essex, or the wilds of Kent. My wig was sun-burnt, seemed to have denied all connections with the comb for many years, and refused to curl in the most obstinate manner. My hat was slouched, and properly sprinkled with grains of chaff and barley on the brims. From my neck depended the ends of a large silk handkerchief (which, by the bye, I borrowed

borrowed for the occasion of my mother's housemaid); and my coat was hired of a waggoner, who furnished me likewise with a furtout, that set all the inclemency of the winter at defiance. I ticked for a pair of coarse yarn mud-coloured stockings; and I made bold with my honoured mother's butter-basket, and stole all the eggs from the hens, that I might look like a person of some business.—My faithful Joey alone was the confidant of this machination; who was, indeed, so transported at the novelty and oddity of the adventure, that he expressed great desire to be turned out of the cottage of his Nancy Fellows (a girl in the parish to whom he paid his addresses, or, as it is termed very delicately in the said parish, *went after*), that he might have the pleasure to dress himself up in strange apparel, like a *player-man*, as he called it, and come upon his Nancy *most cutely clever, all at once, without her knowing it*. Nay, I believe he went so far as to insinuate, that if I came off to my liking, and found it answer, he would quarrel with the
old

old thatcher her father, on purpose to follow my example ; and be kicked out of doors, to seek his fortune in the world. “ And though (says he) there is no *wood* near my Nancy’s house, there’s a pure nice green lane, and a delicate snug hovel at the end of it, which may perhaps do as well.”——But not to take up time with the amours of Mr. Joey——Thus equipped, I set off one fair afternoon by a private road, and passed along a number of my neighbours without the least suspicion. My egg-basket, into which Joey had, artfully enough, put a little clean straw, and a very decent lump of cheese (which he procured for me upon his own credit at the grocer’s shop, and which he said would look as if I had just come from shop), was under my arm, and a solid stick of well-dried ash in my hand.—I had journeyed, under favour of this metamorphosis, about three miles, when I found myself pretty much in the situation we might suppose a modern beau, in these degenerate days, to be, who had amused himself in the frolic of investing his

his

his tender limbs with the armour of his forefathers, and then rashly undertaken to march in them to new quarters. In a word, I was most dreadfully laden; groaning beneath the burthen of many hundred weight more than it was usual for me to carry. Indeed, my boots themselves, which I have not yet mentioned, being the property of a hedger, and intended to pass in a direct line from *his* legs to those of his posterity, even to the latest generation, were heavier than the whole suit I had exchanged for my present dress. However, *Omnia vincit Amor*, you know, was my motto. My love kept me from fainting under my fatigue; and after resting a few minutes against a tree, I set forward again with the spirits and resolution of a horse. Toiling on in this manner, I at last mounted a hill, and had a prospect of *the* house in the habitable earth most dear to my eyes. But before I descended to the valley, where it stood in sweet humility, a sudden shower pelted me so unmercifully, the wind blowing it full in my face, that I was obliged to

scud for shelter. I began now to congratulate myself I was so well prepared for the weather; and thought the boots of the hedger, and the waggoner's great coat, which I now folded round me, very comfortable acquisitions. Thus the very things which at one moment appear a misfortune, are at another blessings devoutly to be cherished. But even blessings sometimes terminate inconveniently. The storm being long, and the rain falling in abundance; in ten minutes I felt such an additional load upon my back, and so much water had lodged in my furtout, almost as shaggy as the back of a sheep before shearing-time, I could hardly stand, and was once or twice tempted to hide it in a ditch till my return; but was withheld by recollecting this would be a measure most fatal to my disguise. I consented to drudge, therefore, with the spongy superfluity upon my back, and walked on; when presently Fortune shifted in my favour; for flip-side of the road I descried a little hut, where I resolved to stop awhile; for though my mistress's house

was

was all the while in view, which no doubt gave strength, it was yet almost a mile distant, and I was ready to faint upon the road. Poor Human Nature will be obeyed. Into the cottage, then, I went without ceremony, pleading, in a voice rendered uncouth and rustic, that I was sorely wetted by the storm, and made bold to crave a bit of shelter till it was fair. I have set off this hut to the best advantage in calling it a *shelter*, because, in real truth, it afforded as little as possible—the roof being ornamented with a sky-light of which the glazier had never taken the dimensions; the window adorned with various patches of paper, tattered by the wind and weather. The door seemed to have quarrelled with the threshold. The walls presented as many prospects into the world as if it had stood a siege; and even when the door was shut, you might see into all quarters of the parish, and gossip with your neighbours without rising from your chair; add to which, the chimney was so wide at top, that the same shower which had drenched my surtout,

also flooded their parlour ; I say parlour—because one would not, methinks, when a man has but one room, call it a kitchen ; the courtesy of England, at least, very well warrants the compliment. Nay, it is more than probable, that the proprietors of this place had a very different opinion from what I entertained ; for the inhabitants laughed immoderately as I entered, at the merry conceit of the whole family being obliged to mount upon the chair, table, and bed—(I use the singular number for the sake of correctness)—to prevent them from wading in the flood ; and there was yet greater glee in the good joke of my being exalted upon a washing-tub, with which the lady of the house politely accommodated me. So that I question whether the luxuries of a palace, whose master was never pushed to the ingenuity of a shift, ever furnished half the pleasantries. My posture must, indeed, have been ludicrous enough ; for the wash-tub being elevated upon the form or bench on which it was usually supported, and as it stood as if it knew
its

its danger, and had fear of falling, I was under a necessity to keep myself upon an exact equilibrium, like a balancer walking the tight rope; or else I must have increased the diversion of this facetious family, which consisted of a man, his wife, and daughter, by falling soufe into the puddle.—I had not, however, been more than a quarter of an hour in this very humourous and entertaining attitude, before I heard a horse go trotting by; and the daughter, who was next the door, cried out, “There she goes!”——“Aye, God love her!” replied the old fellow, “with an aching heart, I’ll warrant her. I had rather sit up to the knees in wet on this floor, than suffer what she suffers.”——“Yes, poor thing!” says the old lady, “she’s almost beside herself, sure enough. The young ’Squire has done for her——Well, I don’t wonder at it——Lord have mercy on us!——Love’s the Devil, after all.” Here she commanded her daughter never to fall in love, but wheel the chair to the corner for her pipe. “Poor Fanny!” said the daughter,

daughter, as she steered herself through this domestic deluge, "I would not be so much in love as she is, for the world."—"Fanny!" said I in breathless hurry, "what Fanny?—'Sdeath and disappointment!—Fanny Marvel!"—"Yes; Fanny Marvil," cried the old woman, "Aye, to be sure, who else do you think?—What's the matter, young gentleman?"—I leaped from the tub, rolled through the stream like a river-god, and ran with incredible speed, in defiance of all impediments, to pursue the horse. Half a mile or more did I drive away at this rate, before I saw what I was in search of—though I could plainly perceive the fresh track of a horse's hoof all the way. At last I saw dimly (for the sun had set, and the moon was breaking slowly through the clouds) the figure of a horse, at the winding of the road, through the trees, and seeming to stand still. Would you believe it, that at this instant I stopped too? and all the joy of overtaking was lost in the anguish of supposing something unfortunate had happened.

O the

O the tender tyrannies of the heart ! I imagined a thousand miserable things in a moment ; and was rushing forward to enquire about the accident (in which business I should very likely have betrayed myself), when I heard one whom I instantly knew to be one of their labourers, say, “ ’Tis nothing but a *stun*, Miss—a damn’d *stun*, got into a’s fut—I shall ha’ it out present.”—“ I am glad of it, Jonathan,” replied the sweetest voice in the world.—Encouraged by this, and assuming the right plod and lingo, I went up as a man that was travelling, and offered my service. The angel said I was “ very kind ;” and Jonathan said, *I might lend un a knife, ’an I would ;* for that the *ould toude* (meaning the horse) had stricken the *stun* so plaguy fast, he could not get un it out with his haunds. I produced the knife ; and, in taking out that, took out at the same time a little pocket-book, which, while the eyes of Jonathan were employed upon extracting the stone, I held in the hand which I rested upon the

pommel of the saddle.—Good God! I never shall forget it—Fanny saw what was once *her* gift, in the hand of an apparent stranger, and I thought she would have fallen from the pillion. I was going to speak, and gently explain myself, when Jonathan, knocking out the stone, cried, “*Cuss un, he’s gone,*” and prepared to remount.—In this moment I was almost distracted. It began to darken, and threaten a second shower. Fanny, I saw, dared not speak; but said, she was “quite sick with riding,” and begged him to go very gently.” “*We are eneamoſt at whome, Miſs,*” said Jonathan, putting his leg into the stirrup, and exalting himself to an happiness of which he was perfectly insensible. “If we are ever so near,” replied Fanny in great disorder, “pray go softly.”—They were now setting off; Fanny turning her head behind, and I following her at my wits’ end. “Well, a thought now came into my head, which produced me one of the greatest of human felicities; and
what

what do you suppose it prompted me to do?"—

"Nay, I cannot even guess," said I.—"Why I walked on for some little time by the side of the horse, and then pretended I was suddenly taken so lame, that I was unable to set one foot before the other; and that, nevertheless, I had seven long wearisome miles to go yet."—"Say you so?" replied Jonathan. "Why then, if Madam pleases, and I thought she would not go *for to be frunted*, I'd gee you my *please* a bit—though we *ban't* *passen* half a mile to gang, and some of that is *crass* our *pasters*. *Howsumdiver*, if *Miss* think'st good o' your ridin, you moay. What mun I do, *Miss*?"—"Why," said Fanny, "as—as—you observe, we have but a little way to go; but as the farmer is so *very* lame, and thinks it will be an ease to him to ride a little—I have no objection."—Jonathan dismounted; and I, with the bridle trembling in my hand, and my heart leaping to my lips as I ascended, took his place. And now, O my good and blessed

God!

God ! how shall I describe the rest ?——Fanny, before, began to have a suspicion of the disguise, from the circumstance of the pocket-book, my desire to ride, and other *great little* matters : she therefore was in some degree prepared for a discovery, which otherwise must inevitably have betrayed us. In a gentle accent, I employed a few moments to acquaint her with my plan, and to give her the letter which I told her would explain particulars. The rest of our time was employed (not wasted) in those charming endearments where language is, happily, not necessary. Her dear arm, as I rode on (slowly as possible, be sure), encircled my bosom, and did not much shrink from the kiss. Honest Jonathan walked whistling behind ; the shades of night too dropped the curtain over his eyes. The horse was sure-footed ; and the road, till it turned off into the fields, quite straight. Even Fanny herself, in a melting voice, assured me bald Sturdy would never stumble. All, therefore, that love and opportunity,

opportunity, attempered by delicacy the most unfeigned, could bestow ;—all that fondness corrected by modesty ;—all that honourable and real attachment could require, without forfeiting the dignity of well-directed tenderness, was now permitted ;—in short, it was, altogether, the most enchanting half-hour that I ever passed in my life.

FEMALE

FEMALE ADVENTURES:

ANOTHER FRAGMENT.

THIS sketch of a Lady's first sally into the world, is worth the perusal of the sanguine and romantic of both sexes; who will not, perhaps, like to hear, that our heroine finished her travels after the dignity of human nature, by commencing the strolling princess of a barn.

“I WAS born neither to affluence nor indigence, to grandeur nor to meanness; for the years of mere childhood were past with my parents, who were retired into the country, and subsisted upon the profits of a small living in the gift of the college where my father was educated. My father was a quiet contented priest, who found the deficiencies of his income supplied by
the

the treasuries of his study ; so that it will not be wondered at, if I imbibed pretty early a passion for books. Amongst my favourites were those compositions which drew fair pictures of human life ; which described the dignity of our nature, and displayed to the eye of the reader the beautiful side of things. It is impossible to say how I was charmed at the sentiments of the poets, whenever they were designed to raise and elevate our species. I was so truly touched by the liveliness of the descriptions, whenever they exhibited the tender father, the liberal friend, the affectionate wife, or the dutiful child, that I gave myself up willingly to poetical captivity, and either wept or smiled, sorrowed or rejoiced, as the writer thought proper to exert his magic. Unluckily, my mother was violently attached to a set of notions somewhat opposite to mine. She was, perhaps, as excellent a maker of butter, as ever handled a churn ; and used constantly to say, whenever she caught me at the book, that reading would spoil both my eyes and my fortune ;

94 FEMALE ADVENTURES :

tune ; for as the living would cease with the life of my father, and I seemed to have no sort of passion for any thing belonging to the dairy, it was most likely I should get little by the industry of my own hands. In defiance, however, of obliquity and sarcasms, I continued to read, and to feel, and still to stick close to the dignity of human nature. Sometimes I read of men, who, upon the basis of a rooted reciprocated regard for each other, offered to fight—to bleed—to fall in the defence of one another ; and then my pulse beat high with pleasure ; Sometimes I perused a narrative, where women, in the last exigence of life, had been relieved, cherished, and restored, by friends of their own sex ; and then my soul bled in sympathy. The only uneasiness I felt in thus dividing my time was, that I now and then wanted to share the joys I saw so eloquently painted. In a dilemma of this kind, it is natural to look about us, and, by examining our own situation, to see all its possible capacities of enjoyment. Alas ! mine was by no means
fertile

ANOTHER FRAGMENT. 9

fertile of felicity. I will honestly set down a picture of the prospect that constantly met my eye, whenever it was taken from the book. In front was a kind of farm-yard, where ducks, geese, pigs, chickens, and all their chattering associates, were assembled to turn up the straw, criticise the dunghill, waddle in the water, or dabble in the dirt. My mother was for ever stewing over the fire, or drudging in the dairy; and whenever I wanted to illustrate the dignity of human nature by living examples, nothing could be more mortifying than my disappointment. My father was, to be sure, a very worthy piece of still life as ever resisted motion;—my mother, as pains-taking a matron as ever bustled about the house for the good of her family. But the neighbours were as little touched with sentiment as a walking-stick. The flap, the haul, the titter, the gossip's gallop, and the child whom nobody was willing to father, was all that prevailed in the parish; and after I had been visiting any of these plodders, I always returned

returned home dissatisfied; and was never again happy till I restored the dignity of human nature, by a description of those exalted fellow-creatures whom as yet I only knew in the printed page.—But with these, as my best, wisest, noblest friends, I was resolved to form a more solid connection. I read my speeches over and over, and became at last so enthusiastic, as to imagine the different characters actually addressed me.—But of all other volumes, those of the divine Richardson were the objects of my idolatry. I entered into terms of the most cordial endearments with the all-amiable Clarissa, the exquisite Clementina, the faultless Miss Byron, and the never-erring Sir Charles. “Oh! (said I frequently with a heigh-ho!) that I could indeed be intimate with such characters! No faults, no foibles; all greatness, all goodness. As to that ill-natured fellow, Fielding, I cannot bear the thoughts of him. One may meet with such people as he draws, every where:—But Richardson—Richardson”——In a word, I paid
Clarissa

Clarissa a regular visit every afternoon, sat an hour with Sir Charles after dinner, drank tea with Clementina, and supped with Miss Byron. With this charming circle I lived some time, till, by constantly dwelling on their sentiments, I was led to argue in this manner with myself: "And am I destined to enjoy these connections only in theory? Am I never to know the highest delights of an elevated heart? Am I never to have a friend that deserves the dignity of the character? Surely, if I was in the great active world, I should soon find a congenial spirit, and taste the satisfaction of a sentimental soul? I am resolved to get into life, and am confident I shall figure in the sphere for which I was born. What though I am not rich? are there not a thousand liberal hearts, which will induce their possessors to furnish me with every convenience and accommodation? Every woman will hold out her hand—every man will open his purse. If I live till to-morrow, I will pave the way for my father's permission upon this subject; and if I cannot obtain

that, I am determined to have some experience of the goodness of my fellow-creatures, and the dignity of human nature—although I travel, like a pilgrim, with my staff and scrip for it.

CARIUS

CARIUS AND CHLOE:

OR,

THE REVOLUTIONS OF A DAY.

IN the blooms of a summer morning poor Carius ran to his closet, and closed the shutters, quarrelling with the cheerful sun-beams. Why, my young friend, that sombrous solemnity? The tear is swimming in thine eye—Oh! now I perceive the cause—Thy Chloe has sent thee an angry letter: she chides, complains, and resolves to banish thee from her presence for ever. Well may'st thou sigh—well may'st thou seek the solitary corner—well may'st thou curse the cruel epistle—now tremble over the contents, and now tear it to pieces.——But soft! the scene changes—Carius's servant enters, and presents a paper.——Wafer, by your leave.——If smiles, pleasing tremblings, agreeable agitations, evidence

100 CARIUS AND CHLOE : OR,

any favourable sensations, the news is good.——
“Open the shutters this moment (said Carius);
throw up the shades; admit the now welcome
light of heaven; lay out my most brilliant suits;
prepare my chariot; and look to the pliant springs,
that they may whirl me to her arms with the
speed of thought.”——Hoity-toity!——whither
in such a hurry, my impetuous friend?——No
answer? Not a word?——Ha?——the letter?——
Is't then so? Dost thou permit me to read?——Now
for it then:

T. CARIUS.

“MY anger is past. I have
“been to blame. I charge thee come this mo-
“ment, and seal my pardon; seal it upon my
“lips.

“CHLOE.”

No wonder the young gentleman flew. Poor
fellow! he leaped from the ground into the car-
riage, light of heart, light of heel. Let us fol-
low

low him, Fancy flies faster than the swiftest pair of horses, and enables us to see him rush from the chariot into the embraces of the beautiful Chloe. Delicious moment! enriched by the rapture of reconciliation! The little transient cloud is blown over, after a few *heat*-drops, and it is again Love's meridian!—O rogueish Nature! Ah Chloe! how she colours thy cheek! how she plays the tyrant with thy heart!—What a precious palpitation!—Poor Carius, how art thou fixed upon her lip!—Poor Chloe, how prettily thouallest upon the young man's shoulder!—But the hour of parting is come. They recover from one passion, to fall a victim to another. Pleasure is always in sight of Pain.—And must we part?—Oh! insupportable!—Ah Chloe!—Ah Carius!—Farewell, farewell!—(These Ahs and Ohs belong to the passion.)—In his way home the carriage is, by the carelessness of the driver, overthrown. The arms of Carius are broken. From the gaieties of love in a bower, he is carried to the sorrows of a sick chamber.

chamber. The shutters are again closed, the curtains are again drawn. The surgeon appears with the instruments of torture. The burning fever, the irregular pulse, and the insupportable agony without sleep, succeed. The soul sympathises with the body. Chloe meantime, not yet having heard any thing of the matter, is secretly rejoicing at the many little tokens of tender fidelity discovered in the behaviour of her lover;—she gives therefore, innocently, loose to the luxury of the sweet suggestion. She hummed an air, of which every trill denoted the happiness of the singer. She played a tune upon the guitar, and suited it to the enchanting hopes of her situation. A neighbour came in, somewhat hastily; but she, in a still greater hurry, insisted upon drinking a glass of good wishes to her friend Carius. She ran to the side-board, and presented the glass. “I must insist on your congratulating me on my reconciliation with my friend Carius, with whom I had a little quarrel. But I am now all life, joy, and transport; for Carius has been
with

THE REVOLUTIONS OF A DAY. 103

with me, and all is over."—"All is over, indeed, Madam—for I fear Carius is dead."—The glass and Chloe fell upon the floor. The gentleman was much affected, and applied all his endeavours to recover the lady. He stamped, he soothed, he swore, he cursed himself for his rashness, though he was the most deliberate of men.—Carius was not dead. The lovers were both languishing, and messages were every hour dispatched to make enquiries. One day the tidings were bad, and then they were both worse: another day brought better news, and then the hopes of both revived. Gradually both recovered. The village bells rang, the cottagers made a holiday, and the hey-day of health returning, Carius and Chloe were married. At the end of the first year, the wife became a parent. Good Heaven! what rejoicing on the morning of the child's birth! The mother's pains were soothed by her hopes. The father prayed, sung, wept, laughed, all by turns. He kissed his suffering Chloe ten thousand times, in token of gratitude, and he sat by

the side of the bed. The child made up a very discontented face, on its first entrance into this wicked world. The gossips congratulated the parents on its roaring stoutly. About the middle of the day, the child fell into fits. Gloom overspread the whole family. The father wept, the mother sobbed. In the evening, the poor little one, unable to support the convulsions, died!—

All was silence, solitude, and sorrow. The curtains were a third time drawn: sadness prevailed over the whole ceremony.—Time is a certain lenitive; and yet neither Carius nor Chloe ever believed they should taste another day's pleasure. "Never—no, never, my dear, shall we again be happy: our first-born, our darling, is in the grave; happiness, farewell!"—About six weeks after this, Chloe had got again into her parlour. A man on a panting, hard-ridden horse brought a letter for Carius. "Your uncle William is dead: you are unexpectedly heir to his whole fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds

THE REVOLUTIONS OF A DAY. 105

pounds a year ; his horses, his parks, every thing is yours——”

“ Only think of this, Chloe ! We can now have our town-house and our country-house, our coach and our chariot, or phaeton, and our vis-a-vis ; aye, and what is better, if you and I should again be blessed with a babe, we can make him as rich as Croesus.”——“ Heigh-ho !” sighed Chloe.——“ Pshaw !” replied Carius, “ we are both young, and we love one another. Let us enjoy our new possessions. Children will come of course.”——“ Will they ?—Ah Carius ! I wish we had such another as poor dear Billy.”——“ Can you doubt it, Chloe ?”——He gave her a kiss of promise, and she appeared to have more faith. Nature and Cupid sat laughing—Imagination saw them. In two or three months afterwards, they were the happiest couple in the universe ; the increase of person in Chloe increased their happiness. Now and then, however, they quarrelled, now and then made it up :

now

now and then they kissed, and now and then they cried : they were now and then disposed to repine, and now and then inclined to be satisfied : now and then trifles pleased, now and then teized them : twenty-four hours produced twenty-four changes. Upon the whole, Carius and Chloe were very good sort of people : they buried three children, yet still lived to have happy hours : they brought up four, yet could fairly have parted with three of them, who were good for nothing. In a word, it was all a wonderful motley mixture of health and sickness, joy and grief : it was human life : it was the good, bad, and indifferent of this motley world, “and all which it inherit.”

ESSAYS.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS

ON THE

HAPPINESS

E S S A Y S.

1891-1892

100

1917-18

11

100

1900

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

1993

1952-1953

100

DIFFERENT OPINIONS

RESPECTING

HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS being a thing which concerns every body, there is no topic in the research and discussion of which the learned of every age and climate have more frequently or zealously exerted their abilities. The means of attaining, and method of perpetuating, the enjoyments of human life, have indeed been ever a first labour of the poet and philosopher. It is yet the subject of much dispute, investigation, and enquiry, being indeed a theme of everlasting and universal importance.

It is *in itself* so comprehensive, as to admit of general variety, and will afford as various speculation. Notwithstanding these numerous disqui-

sitors

sitors and disquisitions, there is yet no fixed invariable standard. Like the philosopher's inscrutable stone, Felicity has, perhaps, been frequently sought, and never found.

Moral and poetical writers concur in describing it to be a situation of inward content, an health of body and of mind, an heaven of soul, and a harmony of heart. Others have supposed it to consist in elevated rank, beauty of form, in splendour of intellect, and sublimity of thought; while others again have determined it to mean no more than blissful ignorance, bustling popularity, or undisturbed sequestration. This supposes it to glitter amidst the gaieties of a court; and that, to repose in the shade of a cottage. The novelist places this blessing in the soft effusions of two tender hearts. The poet assures us, in yet more persuasive language, that it dimples in the stream, whispers in the breeze, and blossoms in the flower; while the man of *virtu* declares it is only an incrustation that is formed round the sacred and venerable

RESPECTING HAPPINESS. 111

venerable rust of the medal or the ore. The sage, on the contrary, who hangs intent over the volumes of antiquity, and sits patiently watching the progress of the stars at midnight, sneers at such unphilosophic systems of Felicity, and solemnly pronounces nothing happy below the spheres; while, renouncing his theory, the witty and the frolicsome break forth into a burst of ridicule at such dignified gravity, and affirm, that all happiness is of a mixed kind, and consists in the pleasures of women and wine.

Of Happiness, such have been, still are, and ever will be the general opinions. This subject, among authors, has been, like most others, carried to an excess;—the numberless treatises upon it, one contradictory to another; the sentiments of this writer so clashing with the maxims of that; the perplexities of the one so involved in the inconsistencies of another—that the united labours of a thousand pens are, like Harlequin's coat,

coat, motley patch-work, and confusion, and absurdity.

At the same time, I mean not to insinuate we are barren of sound observations on this topic. It appears that many good notions are eclipsed by an argumentative heat of thinking, a pompous turn of period, and an affected verbosity. In my private judgment, it is the most rational and perspicuous disquisition imaginable, however Wit and Folly may have concurred to cloud it with intricacy. What can it be but a plant of celestial extraction, set by the hand of God in the centre of his world, which branches thence by millions of ramifications over every part of it? Its blossom and fruit may be, and are in a degree, enjoyed by every one who has either the skill, or the discretion, or the industry, to cultivate it. In short, it grows by nature in every mind, and will flourish long therein, if not choked by the weeds of Impiety, Folly, and Perverseness.

Human

Human Happiness, in the first place, consists in the silent, sacred applause of a pure conscience, and, however variously it is pursued, is attainable only by a decency of manners and dignity of conduct. Yet it is, methinks, no idle speculation, to observe how mankind differ in the means by which they seek the same end; and especially of this grand and universal point:——From the moment the eye opens on the light, to that in which Death draws over its vision an eternal curtain, our main, and indeed only end, is Felicity. To be happy, every passion, sense, perception, and faculty—every corporeal and moral power—is aroused to its highest pitch of activity and exertion. Yet it is amazing to remark, how the same beings, in the same pursuit, should vary in their chace.

Every man has an object of bliss congenial to his disposition; an enjoyment characteristic of his mind, and which is seldom or never the favourite pleasure of any other. One may venture

to extend this remark over the natural world. Perhaps every atom on the scale of life forms to itself some peculiar sensation of its happiness, according to its strength of instinct; which sensation essentially differs from any other in the same rank of existence. And it is highly reasonable it should in both cases be so. For what other purposes has He who prepareth all things, so luxuriantly bestowed his bounties to the accommodation of every created subject? And if Happiness admits of such endless diversity, such variety of modification, we shall find it to derive all its spirit and zest from that Power who has so surprisingly endowed every particular being with a particular organic capacity of enjoying what is fit and agreeable to its nature—with proper powers to reject what is unfit, to repel disaster, and to seek security.

It is not here necessary to run into metaphysical abstraction, or indulge in scholastic parade.—What Happiness is, and what it is not, every one feels

feels, and every one sees.—The gratification of him who, by a timely effort, preserves from wretchedness and ruin an afflicted family ; of him who renders the arrogance of authority, or the clamours of oppression, ineffectual, by skilful interposition or conciliating kindness ; of him who, in the hour of public or private trial, kindles into exertion every patriot or tender principle ; or of him who preserves his humility on the summits of life, and his dignity in its vales ;—these feel an honest glowing, the nature of which is never mistaken.—Nor, on the other hand, can the man who sacrifices his sentiments to his servility, or meanly temporises with his principles, need to be told, that the pangs which tug at his bosom are caused by an indignant conscience, and are entailed upon Duplicity and Error.

Happiness, like Wit, may be divided into two parts ; that which is real, and that which is fantastical : or, like gold, into the sterling and the base. Much of what the world honours, in the

abundance of its courtesy, with the appellation of Felicity, is the chimera of an heated imagination; and still more is the painting of popular folly. Under these heads we may arrange the pride of ancestry, the farce of splendour, the bubble of applause, the waste of magnificence, the apparatus of station, and the insolence of birth. These proceed from a mistake in the means, and are disappointed of the end. They may justly be called counterfeit and fantastical, because of that end the means are inadequate, and Happiness, though attempted, is not produced.

There is also another species of fantastical Happiness, that is very incident to young men, and more particularly young men of genius—their too easy credit of the romantic descriptions of pastoral simplicity, and the rapturous eulogies of an abstracted and studious life; a life in which, they are told, no sorrow shall ever obtrude, no misery invade them; but where the roses of health

health and of nature are for ever in bloom, and where the verdure of spring eternally freshens upon the eye. Thus does enthusiasm colour the paradise of poets. Those who are resident amongst these unfading blossoms, will indeed see many things to admire, and find at least an equal number with which to be disgusted. The rusticity of the clown, and the little scandal that circulates through the parish in an hour, perhaps more than counterbalance the pleasure we receive from the sweetness of the violet and the salubrity of the air *. Let us expect then from a situation no more than it naturally has to bestow: let us not absorb our senses in a dream of ideal and visionary enjoyment, only to become the more sensible of disappointment when we awake; for, lo! when our eyes are opened, we shall pronounce it but a dream.—Mankind would be less unhappy, would they constantly remember, that they are only beings of a world which, like

* See this subject discussed more at large, in this Volume, under the title of "A Poetical and Prose View of Rural Life."

themselves, is in continual decay ; and that every state must inevitably feel the tax levied on it by mortality, and entailed on it by nature.

To the account of False Happiness must likewise be placed the rage of conquest, whether in love or war, the ardour of opposition, the phrenzy of appetite, and the contrasted vices of avarice and prodigality.—Of illusive Felicity, however, Revenge is, perhaps, the most distinguished or its fallacy. The satisfactions of a sanguinary spirit are indeed dreadful ; yet even the murderer imagines that, from the removal of a rival, or the blood of an enemy, or of a rival friend, he shall purchase what seems wanting to his wishes : —And what are wishes, but the wings of Happiness, with which we fly after their objects, be they what they may ?

In reply to this, some, perhaps, would assert, that no man surely could be so blinded, as to propose felicity from the perpetration of so dark
a crime.

a crime. But where is he whom the impetuosity of ungoverned passion cannot blind? These very passions make him incapable to distinguish the intrinsic from the base. A man intent on revenge fixes instantaneously, with dreadful resolution, on the end, without regarding the impiety of the means by which it is to be brought about; and while the horrid business is carrying on in his bosom though a dispassionate man may see those means in their true light, and foresee the end which will be produced, yet this Implacable, pursuing a false one, proceeds with cruelty till he seems to have compassed what his passion designed, though it should urge him to plunge a dagger in the bosom he adores.

Such are instances of that False Happiness which creates so much confusion and horror in the world.

In respect of Happiness, none evince a greater contrariety of sentiment concerning it, than those

who are just springing into life, and those who are about to leave it. There are, indeed, few things in which the opinions of youth and age agree; and from such dissimilarity, of course, arises the general disaffection between them. Each, perhaps, follows his pursuit with too much eagerness. In age, the ultimatum is gain, if not avarice: in youth, it is liberality, if not profusion. An old man grows tenacious of every thing; and, when the least capable of enjoyment, augments his wishes in proportion to the decrease of his necessities. He finds satisfaction in the most trifling possessions, not because they are useful, but because they are so much added to the heap. His organs are dim, his appetite fanciful. Unequal to toil, and difficult of utterance, yet he recounts with unwearied exactness his boyish frolics, and the achievements of his manhood. Fond remembrance, proud recollection, and the tale of all he recollects and all he remembers, constitute his chief pleasures; nor can we give an higher pleasure to him whom Time has made venerable,

venerable, than by directing the conversation into a channel which may afford him opportunity to relate the wonders of his youth, and listen while he rehearſes the miracles of his life.

Youth, on the contrary, neglecting the paſt, and full of ardent ſpirit, preſſes on to the future, animated by hope, and urged forwards by curioſity. The young man derives no conſolation from what is gone before, but depends on the preſent and future. He is impatient for action. His ſoul is all vivacity, and his body all vigour. His heart is ſcarcely contained in his boſom. He pants with expectation, and begins his career with intrepidity and perſeverance. He is neither deterred by danger, nor depreſſed by diſappointment. Strength of conſtitution, redundancy of ſpirits, natural to that period of life, and a powerful deſire of diſtinctions, with a love of novelty, enable him to encounter difficulty, and ſpurn at hazard.

To

To trace this contrast somewhat farther.—In a short time the stripling, in the progress of life, sees fit objects to engage and excite every passion; and every passion has by turns its dominion over him, its portion of pain and pleasure, or of that mixture which tinges both. The tenderness of love, being the strongest, is commonly the first impression. The youthful adventurer resigns his heart and its affections to beauty and to virtue; and now his chief aim is to evince his courage, his honour, and his talents, because these best recommend him to the softer sex.—A pure love is the best encourager, and not seldom the best friend, of virtue. About the time in which he yields up his soul to the power of female excellence, he becomes solicitous to form friendships, on the same principles with his love. At length he attains the soft consent of the maid, whom his address and character have subdued. He becomes stationary. He remits of his curiosity, and is less solicitous to examine life, but more

more desirous to enjoy it. His hopes, reflections, and aims have hitherto been fugitive, desultory, and diffuse. The bond of marriage has turned the tide: he collects his ideas, calls home his thoughts, and reduces his knowledge to the practice of private life. The thirst of public glory and applause now gives way to domestic cares: a tender partner and a rising offspring inspire the most serious care, and pleasure is connected with solicitude. To the vigilance and assiduity of the husband and the parent, succeed, gradually, the love of ease, and a wish to retire from the obtrusions of the world. The declining man now sighs for some retreat which may repel the attacks of farther disappointment, anxiety, and vexation. Solitude becomes in his eye as enchanting, at present, as was society before. Security from interruption, a warm fire, and an elbow-chair, prove more agreeable to the veteran, than all the enchantments of folly, praise, and frolic;—and even the love of narration loses its power.

Memory

Memory is now the only purveyor of his entertainment; and to her he refers himself for silent remembrance of the past.—At length his views narrow to a point, and the delights of youth are totally subverted; and presently, he who in the morning of existence delighted only in the happiness of others, will, in the gloom of its night, find in himself a stronger propensity to afford comfort to himself; and when the sun of human life is about to set, the awful hour comes on, when the bell shall feelingly declare, that the veteran has finished his career.

THE
METROPOLIS.

A CONTEMPLATIVE man is struck, every step he takes in a city so stupendous as that of London, at the universal accommodation which surrounds him. The public streets of such a metropolis are not less favourable to reflection, than the most sequestered shades of the country. If the one inspires us with admiration of the natural beauties, the other affords pleasure from the various improvements of human arts, and the prospects of general industry. The poet, moralist, and philosopher, have ample scope, in this wonderful town, to indulge their respective talents, and to exercise their congenial meditation. Whoever makes it his endeavour to examine the scenes in a bustle before him, can never want entertainment for the eye, or instruction
for

for the mind. There is constant amusement, and constant subject for all the passions. Even at this moment, as I sit down to the task of writing this Essay, I behold from my window a great number of images favourable to speculation. The business of a great city is moving before me. The quick succession of objects suggests the difference of pursuit ; and the intent observer may see the occupation of almost every passenger written upon the brow, beaming from the eye, or marked by some other feature which is professional and characteristic. We are hence perpetually pleased, improved, or surprised. I find equal delight in the brisk step, the ostensible walk, the ambitious stride, and the affected mince, as all, methinks, are descriptive of character. I please myself with the traces of profession in the dress of the citizens, and even in their disguises. How strongly marked is the step of *success*, from the drowsy method of dragging one reluctant foot after another in *disappointment* ! The very heel of age becomes elastic

elastic in the moment of joy ; but fifteen goes limping along upon the crutches of fourscore, when the matter that called him from home sits hard upon the heart. One may detect, also, the frivolous pretensions of a would-be man of fashion, in the shabby attempts to be either fine or negligent, over-dressed or under-dressed.—

But of all the sources of speculative entertainment in a city, the most rational are, perhaps, the improvements of the mechanical arts ; arts by which elegance and convenience are mutually promoted. Whichever way we look, or to what-

ever quarter of the town we direct our observation, the various testimonies of human ingenuity assail our imagination, and insist on our applause.

We are either dazzled by the splendid, gratified by the ornamental, or pleased with the useful.—

Poverty and plenty have equally contributed to bring the arts of civil life and of society to perfection. Poverty accommodates its own wants, at the very time that it gratifies those of another.

From the hands of plenty, and even from the
hands

hands of avarice; fall gleanings for honest industry sufficient to its support. The inventor of every *public* improvement, from the philosopher to the husbandman, and so on down to the proprietor of a new-constructed instrument to slice a cucumber, deserves encouragement; and every one should be considered, in proportion to the utility or the elegance of his invention, as a friend and benefactor to mankind.

To a mind in the habit of reflection, it is perfectly astonishing to survey the streets, the warehouses, and even the shop-windows, of this luxurious metropolis, the pride of our country, and the rival of Europe. We rail at the very voluptuousness by whose whims and passions such multitudes of our fellow-creatures are daily supported: we reprobate the very foppery and coxcombry, by whose glitter and ostentatious absurdities so many thousands of our citizens are preserved from starving.—Let us not, indeed, echo the free-thinker, by concluding that private

vices

vices are public benefits; but, escaping this rash-
 ness, we may safely declare, that many of our
 follies, and most of our follies, whether of a
 private or public nature, are beneficial to a State
 —not so much upon the score of increasing
 wealth, as circulating general comfort and con-
 venience. It is not within the purview of this
 Essay, to enquire how much better a city might
 be regulated by the moral laws of original sim-
 plicity, and patriarchal good fellowship; but in
 States so populated and refined as those of the
 modern world, it is apparent that the common-
 place cry against a coach and six—frequent change
 of carriages—with the heavy and idle complaints
 levelled (chiefly by the children of Envy) at
 magnificent liveries or superb furniture—all va-
 nish before the man who looks deeper into human
 affairs, and who sees, that not a vanity is given
 in vain.

In truth, half the mistakes of the moralist and
 the politician proceed from being contented, in

lazy ignorance, with what seems to lie loose upon the surface ; not considering that *Fronti nulla fides* is very applicable to things political and intellectual, as well as social, mental, or personal.——

Let us illustrate :—*Bornutus* is distinguished by extravagance in his equipages ; and, in compliance with the fancy of a giddy mind, alters the shape, the colour, the design, of his horses or their trappings, almost every fortnight.——

Stellator, no less remarkable for profusion in dress, is seen in a new suit almost every court-day ; and it appears to be the darling ambition of his soul, to decorate his body, to carry a fortune on his back, and, in fine, to out-sparkle the proudest frequenter of the levee. His buckles are diamond : yesterday they delighted his taste, but to-day he dislikes them. He now disposes the brilliants in another form, or invents a new fashion, on purpose to enjoy the virgin freshness of this gorgeous innovation.

In truth, the mistakes of the mortalist and the politician proceed from being contented in
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Vol. IV.

Of coxcombs in the other sex, never, perhaps, was there a more expensive woman than *Flavoria*. She purchases her gaudy baubles at the dearest rate; buys (merely to humour her fickle disposition) such dresses as soil or fade after two or three times wearing, and seldom can endure to be seen twice in the same suit.

Well, Reader, and art thou hurt at all this? Yes: thou wouldst have these fair daughters of Fortune rather seek pleasure in generosity, in sentiment, in charity, in acts of positive goodness. Thou wouldst have them assist the necessitous, encourage industry, and reward the ingenious. Then do we agree, my moral friend; for this is exactly coming to my point. It were easily proved, that all thy wishes are accomplished by the very persons whose extravagance is thus censured; extravagance, which, as the world goes, answers more than the purposes of an ordinary liberality. Prodigals of fortune do perforce a great deal of social good, without design-

ing to do any ; and in a trading nation, where all depends on the circulation of money, there could not possibly be a trio of more public-spirited characters than those I have just exhibited. *Bernardus*, by changing his carriages, keeps a large number of ingenious, and certainly many worthy, men in constant employ. The splendour of *Sul-lator's* apparel shines even in the hut of the labourer ; and the artificer and his family sing at the loom, as they prepare the silks and ornaments, the laces and linen for the *Flavorias* of our island. In every dress of the fop, one may see provision for all those who contribute to his equipment.—And, indeed, whatever motive induces a man to put on the gaudiness of a butterfly, or a lady to array herself with the feathers of a fowl ; whatever leads the one to spend half of his fortune upon his body, and the other to carry mountains upon her head ; the effects are, in a social sense, truly salutary ;—and, as good citizens, we ought, perhaps, to soften our censures against shewy In-significance and sparkling Unimportance, and let them

them hop and flutter through a kind of holiday finery, without criticism, when we recollect, that from the indulgence of senseless grandeur and childish pageantry, the naked are clothed, the hungry fed, and the ingenious kept perpetually at a task that prevents distress and despair, and also from those dreadful enterprizes to which Despair and Distress too often urge their votaries.

Hence it will appear, that a profuse person, if he stops short of licentiousness, and is contented with the lustre of innocent vanities; i. e. if he can find pleasure in mere external decorations, is not a useless member of society. We ought to excuse the infirmity of the individual, for the sake of the species; and upon this principle, a coxcomb, whether male or female, though a flight, is not a very contemptible character.

Pursuing a similar train of argument, we observe that a *miser*, as he keeps his money from

circulating, is more reprehensible than a spend-thrift; for a miser, as far as in him lies, is a useless character in society—of all others the most obnoxious as a citizen. But perhaps it is utterly impossible that any man of property can, in a commercial country, be totally without use. He must occupy many individuals, whose occupation must procure to each the common necessities; and it is lucky enough, that an avaricious man cannot himself gratify his passion to be rich, without discharging, though grudgingly, his debts to the poor. His land must be dressed, his ground cultivated, his common nature sustained; and though he does as little service to society as possible, he is obliged, by the necessity of his nature, to do some; and hence the community is, in a degree, the better for him. It is generally found, that he who inherits the fortunes of a miser, has the passions of a prodigal; and if one man collects a reservoir, his successor plays off as a fountain. By which mean, what was
before

before hoarded carefully, now takes unto itself wings, and flies away; and as a squanderer is pretty expeditious in his expences, that haste makes up for the lost time, and brings the balance of public good once more upon the equilibrium.

Notwithstanding these observations, we must allow neither to the spendthrift nor miser more merit than is their due. Out of much evil we may extract some good, as honey may be extracted from poisons;—and this is the light in which these persons must be viewed. Let us forbear to enroll them, on the list of Fame, amongst the more honourable or valuable orders of men. The mechanic who polishes an innocent toy, or invents an harmless play-thing for the one, and the labourer who tills the soil of the other, must have a place before them. What characters are to take the lead in society, where one has a close connection with, and an actual dependence on,

another, is difficult to pronounce, and might puzzle our political sages. The prince who ardently studies the welfare, the happiness, and the greatness of his people; the father who trains his family to honour and to virtue; the man of science who thinks and writes for improvement of the human heart, and for the embellishment of the human understanding; the merchant who increases our wealth, and advances our pleasure; the artificer who presents us with an elegant and commodious invention; the private gentleman who diffuses comfort through his neighbourhood; and the woman whose example extends the influence of goodness, whose integrity inspires confidence, and whose beauty animates to tenderness, are all respectable, and all noble.

Society is one vast chain, which is to be formed by the assenting species, of which every individual is a link. He who breaks it,

it, is a traitor. He who connects it, is a good citizen. He who gives it strength, while he polishes it to brightness, is the best Patriot and the best Man.

it is a traitor. He who connects it is a
good citizen. He who gives it strength, while
VOW-MAKING.

THERE is an evil, which, though sufficiently
notorious, I do not remember either divines
or moralists to have discussed; at least no such ob-
ject of their remarks or censure has occurred in
the compass of my reading or recollection; yet
it is of great magnitude, as an offence against ci-
vil society, and all the best arrangements of do-
mestic life. I shall therefore make it the subject
of the present Essay. The error to which I allude
is commonly called Vow-making, from whence
arises an inconceivable number of uneasinesses and
distresses. There is nothing more common, than
for those who have more violence than discretion,
and more imagination than reason, to work their
minds into a temporary delirium, upon the most

unwar-

unwarrantable occasions; and, without the least regard to the consequences involved in their temerity, to appease *themselves*, and take revenge on the party offending, by *making a vow*. To this they always lend the utmost vehemences of expression, and do not forget to call men and gods to witness their absurdity. The *vow* once made, it becomes instantly, in the opinions of these Vow-makers, a matter of religion to keep, and of iniquity to break it, without the smallest reference being had to that which constitutes the virtue of the one, or the vice of the other. It is sufficient to the *Vow-maker* that he has *taken his oath of it*; and thus having *said one* very foolish thing, he resolves to support it, by doing another; as if a moral wrong, in the first instance, could be converted into a thing sacred by a perverse adherence and confirmation of it in the second.—The truth is, that whatever degree of vulgar prejudice may lie on the surface of this silly action of Vow-making, it is always more full of guilt stubbornly
to

to observe, than to dissolve unnecessary bonds. 'I here happens in the progress of our intercourse with the world, an endless variety of small events, which call out, if I may be permitted the term, the *petty passions* of the mind. With those who yield to the impetuosity of the moment, a *word* or a *look* has been thought fit object of a *vow*, strong enough to destroy the choicest felicity of human life, to snap asunder the dearest and closest chords of the heart, and to sacrifice whatever in the different conditions of their being has been most estimable. From an implacable adherence to vows made by the breath of idleness, and neither acceptable to God or to man, the most long-tried friendships have been broken, the happiest affections alienated, persons wholly indifferent thrown into each other's arms, to become wretches for life, and the most sanctimonious ties of neighbour, child and parent, for ever dissolved: as if it was not foolish *enough* to commit a violence on any of these, unless the greater crime of
perverse-

perverseness is superadded to the original offence. The ingenious author of the Notes to Puffendorf's admirable Treatise on the Law of Nature and Nations observes, that "vows made in rascals or passion, and which go to the misery of those whom we most love, are so far from being obligatory, that we ought to ask the Deity forgiveness for having suffered ourselves to be transported by our inconsiderate impulses;" and he adds, in a tone of dignity truly worthy of the subject, that to "make such sort of vows and resolutions is bad; to stand to them, or expect they can ever, in the eye of nature's righteous God, become holy, is preposterous. To make the vow is error, and to keep it is enormity."——But if from moral writers we betake ourselves to *divine* evidence, we shall find that to adhere, pertinaciously, to any resolve formed against our own good, or that of others, is condemned as a guilt of the first heinousness, even in the sacred volumes of our religion,

religion, which sets forth in various instances, the fool-hardiness of "swearing at all."

The crime of Jephtha stands upon record as an illustrious instance of the sorrows which result from keeping or making unnecessary vows.— And in serious fact, vows of all kinds should be very cautiously entered upon; for generally every vow, which has not the well-being or prosperity of the individual or of the species in view, may be dispensed with, as being rejected by the laws of conscience and humanity. It is still better not to make them at all. Not a few, however, tenaciously fasten to whatever they have declared their intentions of so doing.— Thus, under the proud idea of "*being as good as their word*," they will often afflict their own hearts to anguish, and wring the sensibility of their fellow-creatures, rather than seem to relax of their purpose, which would be deemed inconsistency; — and when
their

their own self-consequence is concerned, they would prefer being thought uniformly firm, to amiably yielding.—To be faithful to one's designs and promises, where they are justified on the grounds of equity and the reasonableness of things, is assuredly the mark of an honest and earnest temper, as well as of a right and exact disposition.—To form, indeed, a worthy resolution (one which includes propriety in the *cause*, and promises proportionate honour and happiness to us, or to our connections, which are a part of us, in the *effect*), merits the most absolute applause;—but to shut our eyes and hearts to the clear light of conviction; to be scrupulous, or unrelenting, about changing an unjust or an ungenerous purpose, simply because it must be done by the sacrifice of any favourite opinion we may have taken up or adopted, is maintaining our vanity at the dear price of our candour—and sometimes has been known to harden

us into a callous inflexibility, not less unfriendly to the true interest of the community, than irreconcilable with the duties of a social being and of a christian.

Let it be remembered, that we are placed in this world to make one another happy; and that all the resolutions and vows which have not a manifest bias towards this great centre, militate against the plan of Providence, and the system of the creation, who ordained that we should be extremely feeble separately; but of infinite force collectively; and pre-designed, that this weakness in the individual should produce power on the species. To assist, and to love one another, and to honour the Deity, seems to be the whole duty of human nature. Away therefore with the *passions* which make us mad, the *resolutions* which make us cruel, and the *vows* which make us wicked. Be it henceforward the office of the first, only to animate us to vir-

tuous tenderness; of the second, to give energy to our best endeavours after general happiness; and of the last, to bind us round one another's hearts in stricter folds of affection and unanimity.

REFLECTIONS
ON SEEING A CHILD CHRISTENED, AND ITS
MOTHER BURIED AT THE SAME TIME.

I AM just returned from seeing performed, for two of my fellow-creatures, the first and last religious ceremony made use of amongst Protestants. I have just attended the burial of a mother, and the baptism of her child; and as the circumstance was singular, so has it made a remarkable impression, and led me, imperceptibly, into a train of very serious sentiments. It affected me the more, as it was accompanied with several of those little tenderesses which always find their way to the heart. The parent died in child-bed. She died in consequence of the life of this her only infant, which at the time of the baptism wept piteously, as if sensible and conscious of the mischief it had occasioned.

fioned ; as if (so may imagination innocently interpret) it considered that mischief as an hard return for the solicitude of many months, and for bringing it into the world safe at last. The transition from the font to the grave was rapid, and could not fail to surprise the spectators. Amongst the earth which had been thrown up by the spade, lay a greater heap of bones than I had ever before seen ; and they appeared so perfect in some parts, that I felt myself uneasy that they had been disturbed so soon. 'Twas the sympathy of a young mind not yet thoroughly broke in to the terrors of the grave, which struck me upon the tender nerve ; and I believe I let fall a tear, and so paid Nature her demand. I am convinced it fell from true sensibility. Perhaps (thought I), perhaps some courteous spirit, just when I am in the very situation of these disordered remains, will do as much for me. The sexton (whose appearance told me that he had already buried half the villagers) had ranged in a regular row four skulls by the side of the coffin ; and he said

he remembered every one of them alive, and that it was the same hand that now dug them up, which a few years before had first opened the ground to receive them. The coffins shared the fate of the bodies which they had enclosed, and were scattered here and there amongst the bones, or mouldered into a thousand pieces. I do not recollect ever to have felt sensations more humiliating, or more solemn, than at this view of several of my own species crowded together into one grave, and dropping into dust; some of whom, perhaps, when alive, were the inveterate enemies of each other, and who could not even agree in the same parish. To complete the picture, and give to the soul an impression still more pathetic, the nurse brought the child to the foot of the coffin; and the little wretch (as kindling fancy suggested) looked eagerly into it, as if desirous to take leave of her whom it had unwittingly destroyed. The service was no sooner over, than the wasted relics were thrown again into their old lodging, which now boasted an additional

additional tenant; a tenant as yet bearing the express image of a human creature, but which shall soon be reduced to the same abhorrent condition with its companions.

At my return home, I found that it was impossible to mix as usual in the bustle of common affairs. My thoughts were employed upon a subject, from the steady contemplation of which no airy trifle in society could attract them. I applied all I had seen to myself, and anticipated the hour when the eye which then beheld should see no more, and the voice which then spake should be still. What (said I to myself)! is it possible that this frame of mine shall suffer the same desolation? Shall this astonishing structure in a little time so incorporate itself with the dust? In a few years after I descend into this general repository of human nature, the bones of the fingers which are now playing with such activity, and the heart which now aches at the idea, shall scarcely be distinguished from the

common earth. Probably my relics may, like those I have seen, be too *recently* disturbed; and though the flesh may be wasted, the skeleton may be entirely perfect: and yet, should any of my relations—should those who best loved me when alive behold me then—they would not be able to claim kindred with me. That characteristic mark which Nature hath set upon every countenance as a seal of distinction, would be quite worn out, and those who most loved would know me no more.

THOUGHTS

WRITTEN WHILE MR. HACKMAN WAS CON-
VEYING FROM NEWGATE TO TYBURN, FOR
THE MURDER OF MISS RAY.

THE coaches are passing my windows in
their way to Tyburn. They are crowded,
both within and without, by people who make
the morning of fate an *holiday*, and rejoice to
attend the hapless culprit to the last *precipice of*
eternity. The eager press of the multitude, and
the throngs which appear savagely anxious to
hurry on, that they may see the *most* of the mi-
sery, depress my spirits in such a manner, that,
in order to my relief, I resolve to employ myself
in *silent sympathy*; and, instead of rushing to the
scene of action, consider the *nature of the fact*
that led the wretched gentleman to his suffering

disastrous

L 4

there.

there. But I am stopped in the very commencement of my reflections, by the increased tumult in the streets, which are filled by the children of *cruelty* and *curiosity*; and I can almost as easily reconcile the murder itself to the laws of love and honour, as that impetuous principle which, at this instant, urges so many thousand *human* creatures to attend the execution of the murderer. Both sexes, too, seem to be jealously precipitate. The *female* nature is touched, and an incredible number of women are running over the pavement: In many a countenance I can, from my window, distinguish a smile; and not a few are even riotously resolved to gain the tree before the criminal is prepared to be suspended from it. The execrable shriek of one of those wretches who turn every public or private calamity to advantage, is already piercing my ear and my *heart* with the dying words of a poor creature, not yet half way to the end of the sad journey of life. A boy, who had a solicitude to see the

Unfortunate

Unfortunate pass by, is just returned, and brings me word, that the culprit sat in a corner of his carriage, unfettered and unalarmed. There are tears standing in the lad's eyes ; and his lip is so *properly* pale, that I think highly of his heart, and reward him with a shilling to encourage his good feelings. The greater part of London is, it appears, moving in procession along Oxford-road while I write. Alas ! poor object of their entertainment ! *I have no eyes* hard enough to *behold* thy passage, but have *two* to shed for thee those tributary drops of regret, and pity, that truly thou may'st claim. I forget for a moment the cause, in contemplating the consequence ; and pray to the Power who can alone keep thee, that the pang which releases thee from this life, shall by no means have vigour to reach the next.

The essays and effusions of various kinds which this extraordinary event will produce, are
all

all in prospect before me. I prophesy the teeming press, and anticipate all the sentiments of men who catch at the subjects of the passing hour. Amongst these productions, I foresee the labour that will be used to prove the crime a consequence of *excessive tenderness*; and widely diffused will be the warnings, that this fact may be had in remembrance as an example to deter others against any fond indulgence of the tender ties, by whose force humanity and all its splendours are sustained.

Ten to one but that, in this waste of moral maxims, those admonitions are forgotten which are most necessary to be inculcated. Ten to one but the best inference to be drawn from the fate of poor Mr. Hackman passes the public observation. To select our objects—to consult that chaste monitor that will never mislead us—to graft virtuous sentiment on virtuous sensation—to cherish the finer touches of our bosom

bosom as much as they will bear, without straining the connecting chord too hard—to admit nothing that may contradict the principle which the dictates of *religion*, and the *customs of a country*, prescribe—this is the moral to be gleaned from the awful catastrophe of this morning.

But the street is again crowded by the multitude, on their return. Their movements are more solemn and more slow. They walk as if forfeited with the sight they were so solicitous to behold. The affecting ceremony is over then, as far as it belongs to *us* to be spectators. Life for life is forfeited, and the retaliating law is *obeyed*. Let us thank God that the *human* debt is discharged—that the soul hath parted from a *body* which can no longer feel anguish: at that part of the sentence which remains it is into our *hearts*, and our *imagination*s only, that the dismembering instruments can cut;—and may the sympathetic terrors which we feel, and the tender tears which

our

our humanity drops over this *mangled corpse*, have no *harder* effect upon us, than to restrain us from actions of equal horror, and regulate the *best of passions* upon the *best of principles*. I can write no more.

UNIVER-

UNIVERSAL VARIETY.

THE vicissitudes of human life are frequent enough to call into exertion every passion of the soul; and were we to retrospect every part and scene of our mortal existence, we should find an instructive pleasure in tracing the causes and effects, as well as observing the progress of those general or particular emotions, as they are excited in the mind, and as they are occasioned by the concurrence of rising circumstances.

Human life is full of surprising events; and is indeed, from its very nature, liable to every possible chance and change,

The sudden transitions of situation from one extremity to another; the strange strokes of adventure concurring, as causes, to produce the most uncommon effects; and the astonishing
means

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means by which many of these are brought about; furnish abundantly every passion with its proper and congenial objects, and afford to the serious and contemplative, sufficient matter for philosophic speculation.

This variety of nature supplies the soul with its never-ending stores of thought and of remark, and accommodates it with moral, natural, and intellectual beauties, which prevents her sinking into senseless neutrality.

Hence that agreeable diversity of temper in most men, which renders them more generally sociable. Were we to possess only one class of notions, without regard to the impulse of sudden accidents, and to converse on one train of topics, nothing would be more insipid. Happiness is not more different in its nature and degree, than it is differently pursued—and, whenever found (or thought so to be), as differently enjoyed.—
He who has acquired great wealth by a long and laborious

laborious course of years, does not often willingly resign the golden burthen; and although happy in the reflection of riches, and often confessing himself weary, refuses to take leave of those means whereby his ends have so far been, and may be yet more completely gratified;—while he whose fortune comes by chance, without deriving any thing from the ardour of solicitude, or the drudgery of industry, is perhaps equally blest in the contemplation of his possessions, but prizes them merely in proportion as they will procure him the splendours and magnificences of life.

The climacterics of our days have each their appropriate pains and pleasures. In our cradled years, our pleasures are many, and our pains are few: the rattle amuses, the toy delights, and their loss is attended with sadness and tears.—

As we advance towards manhood, the same passions, acting upon the same principles, though somewhat more ripened by nature, refined by knowledge,

knowledge, and matured by reason, introduce other objects for their exercise :

“ A little larger, but as senseless quite.”

Hence it is we see the young man charmed by the baubles of greatness, the gewgaws of state, and the idlenesses of courtship, and equally with the babe distressed by insignificant miscarriages, unworthy oppositions, and petty disappointments ;—while age, though admitted as a second infancy, and equally pleased or displeased with trifling circumstances, has yet very distinct and separate sources of joy and of distress. It is therefore apparent, that every state has its peculiar passions, and offers opportunities and objects for their display, as every month is propitious to the unfolding of some blossom, or the ripening some fruit.

The infinite rectitude of Providence, however, has ordained, that as variety is necessary to the
pleasure

pleasure of life, the universe should be so diversified, that not any object, whether simple or sublime, should be so similar as not to be distinguished by the eye of attention from another. Some tinge in the painting of the flower, some peculiarity in the fabrication of the leaf or stem, variegates every object of vegetation; while, in human affairs, the countenance is so surprisngly varied, that notwithstanding its being modelled into equal beauty, harmony, and proportion ten thousand ways, it is yet various enough to captivate the eye of millions of lovers.

Nor does the mind less partake of the everlasting variety. To be virtuous, every soul must certainly have the same good principle, and act on the same motives. Yet though the matter is the same, the manner admits of endless diversity. The fragrance of the violet and bloom of the rose affect us from the same cause, and occasion the same sweet sensation, yet are very different

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in their formation, and thrive, according to botanists, by a different circulation of the sap. Thus is every sense, and every season of life, accommodated with its requisite innovations; and thus is existence rendered agreeable, useful, and entertaining, without satiety, lassitude, or inappetency.

It may be farther added, in glory of that Power who has spread even over the skies also his everlasting rainbow Variety; that he has made every age of life so adapted to bear its suitable pleasures, and its suitable pains, that none other would so well be enjoyed or endured. The toys of the child, and its little sorrows, would be too small and insipid to amuse or affect the youth; and the old man holds the venerable grandeur conferred by him, at too high a rate to be pleased or discomposed by the impetuosities or deprecations of the stripling. Though his own are more petulantly infantine, yet prejudice represents them as sagacities of long experience, attained

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attained by length of life.—No man has, therefore, right reason to complain; for, however the universe may be in some parts over-run with error, debauch, and dissatisfaction, arising from vice, it abounds with every beauty that can charm the eye, every music that enchants the ear, every essence that regales the sense, and every elegance that can touch the heart.

I N Q U I R Y
I N T O T H E
T A L E N T O F M I M I C R Y

THE English nation has ever had more enemies at home than abroad, and less to apprehend from its natural than its unnatural enemies. It has always been the misfortune of Britain to breed her own foes ; to cherish among her generous sons, a class of creatures, which revolt from the common cause, and are only zealous in enterprizes of hazard and of mischief. Of these, the worst and most obnoxious are born with great abilities, and have bad hearts. The annals of mankind are ready, in every tradition of times, to support us in asserting, that this country has never suffered so much from its fools and blockheads, as by its knavish men of sense.

sense. The æra before us is, indeed, marked by a dreadful variety in error; and a review of the British scene, at the present moment, will afford no compliment to the *dramatis personæ*. Much has been said of our political, much of our ecclesiastical, and much of our moral mistakes. But the corruption of ministers, the voluptuousness of the clergy, and the disguises of the laity, are merciful in their consequences, compared with those envenomed scorpions, that (like the pestilence at broad noon-day) banish the delicious promises of private life, alienate families, and blast the repose of the social world. Among such are characters of the most formidable magnitude, infamously illustrious for promoting discord, and wringing the hearts of their fellow-creatures. In the catalogue of crimes, what can be found of deeper malignity than that which feeds the proprietor by the sale of falsehoods? If to circulate a whisper to the prejudice of a neighbour be deemed unpardonable, how much more atrocious is the practice of raising contri-

butions on the public by sporting with the infirmities of the individual ! Nor is this employment one that requires much genius. Cruel as it is in effect, it does not demand any splendour of ability. The term generally given to this talent is a *Taker-off*. But where is the mighty difficulty, or ingenuity, in picking the pocket in that way ? A very few lines will delineate the art. The possessor of sprightly superficial parts, and insinuating address, is introduced to the table of some person who encourages mirth and hilarity at his board. There is, perhaps, nothing more delusive than the first displays of a lively character. The admirer of them, fascinated by what sparkles on the surface, soon becomes a patron, and the door of hospitality is henceforward open to receive so entertaining a guest. The hours which are dedicated to claret and champagne, are well known to drown suspicion in a bumper. As the glass circulates, the heart of the patron opens, and he confers upon his literary favourite some benefits, which may serve

as a kind of political sinecure, or else he unfolds to him, in the moment of confidence, and in "the flow of soul," some secrets which may be converted into benefits another way. Either of these will answer the purpose of a man who lives by exposing his friends. There are few people who have not some characteristic infirmities, either of mind or body; and when once these are found out, nothing remains but to jumble together a wild string of personalities; to zest each with the highest seasoning of the ridiculous; to blend likewise a few local strokes; and then (having dressed his protector with as many monstrous ingredients as he could find) to invite the good-natured public to sit down and enjoy the cannibal banquet "with what appetite they may." Yet what real gratification can a good-natured man gather from these marks of distinction? Is there any pleasure in a profession, the very basis of which is barbarity? Folly, not vice, is your game. Both are fair and allowable; but folly is not the proper word. The Taker-off

is in chace of misfortune, oddity, peculiarity, and infirmity. He is continually upon the hunt for local disasters, and makes his market of any distress he can pick up, to the ridicule of private families, but more especially such as, from the eminence of their stations, are more likely to be more generally known to the spectator. He avails himself sufficiently of the taste of mankind, to which the feast of scandal is additionally welcome when it is served up by an indecent jester, who can "set the table in a roar."——But pause a moment from the pursuits of such buffoonery, and what is ultimately gained by it? If the Taker-off would recollect the injuries he has done to the various personages his humour has dissected, how would the account stand betwixt him and society? What character does he sustain in the world? The fellow (they say) is a funny ingenious fellow, highly laughable, and 'tis diverting to see so odd an animal show off his tricks. He is certainly an exact drawer of characters, and the justest mimic. He is likewise
the

the very soul of social jollity, and companionable in the highest degree;—but where is the man who can seriously with the acquaintance of a Taker-off?

Notwithstanding all these pleasurable propensities, if we consider, that though they delight us, they expose others—who that is human can enjoy the unbecoming mirth? Does not the imagination recoil at one whose trade is traduction? We no doubt have our failings, which, though they do no injury to our neighbour, and indeed rather deserve the name of singularities, yet we should be extremely displeased to see them wrought up, and enlarged by strokes of paltry witticism, for the derision of the world. To resist smiling is often impossible; and yet 'tis ten to one but it is at the expence of many a tear shed by the object of our ridicule.—If such be the general sentiment, what must be that of the many persons who have smarted under the lash of the wit's inhospitable severity?—Review the

several

several characters the Taker-off has shewn, and then carry our eye into the families which he has entered to take likenesses: behold the victims! They did not sit voluntarily for their pictures; but Wit stole the outlines treacherously, and (filling them up as best suited his purpose) gave them to the laughter of their enemies. The liberty of writing and speaking with a noble freedom, is an independent privilege peculiar to the subjects of these realms; it is at once the distinguished charter and glory of the empire:—but, on the other hand, the abuse of this prerogative must eternally be considered (like the inversion of every great and national blessing) as the most multiplied calamity that can disgrace us.

The Bar, the Senate, and the Press, have always given dignity, or infamy, to the character of this country; and in proportion as they have been nobly supported or basely prostituted, we have flourished or faded in the eye of every other

other nation. The Stage (notwithstanding its origin) is not incapable of sharing the glory, and contributing to the reputation, of our island. Many and elegant names have concurred to give a lustre and a value, which it would have been a pity it should want. Both by composition and representation, it has received assistances from men who will be immortal.

The generous Dramatic Satirists derive their observations from the abundant treasury of human nature in general; but, the Taker-off enters into the house of a friend, not privately to give the hint of reformation, but to make him and his family the jest of the kingdom, and to make the auditor tremble (even whilst he smiles) lest he should, by some unlucky circumstance, be the next object of public amusement. It is, I must own, no compliment to the feelings of the nation, to perceive them countenancing this butchery.

“For

“For arts like these preferr’d, admir’d, ca-
rest,

“You first invade the table, then the breast;

“Explore our secrets with insidious art,

“Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the

“heart.”

Would not a man rather desire to pass unnoticed, and almost unfed, through the world, and have it at last said upon his grave-stone, “Here lies a well-tempered man, and a good neighbour”—than enjoy the greatest distinctions from constant acts of public and personal ill-nature?—Any object, whom Providence or Habit have marked by some little defect favourable to that ridicule, are welcome to the Taker-off. If I were to pursue a Taker-off through his existence, were we to attend his progress to popularity, what should we gather from such industrious vigilance, but a more accurate inventory of his cruelties?—Is there, amongst the most
ardent

ardent attachments of his youth, one which he has not betrayed? Is there a connexion which he has not violated, a friendship which he has not broken, or an engagement of the most endearing nature which he has not dishonoured?—The admirable Shakespeare has represented (in all the solemnity suited to the occasion) the murdered shadows of Macbeth passing in review before him, and each pointing to a wound. Should the apparitions of all those whom the darts of the detractor have hurried to the grave, or hung up to scorn, attack his fancy (but in a dream), it might, perhaps, work no unsalutary effect upon his temper. In short, a man who professes to indulge the ill-natured appetite of the times, is a traitor to his warmest and tenderest connexions, and a character of consummate ingratitude and unkindness. If he can feel truth at all, he will feel it in these charges; and then, to what an abject dilemma is he reduced!—

It

It must sometimes happen, that he is compelled to settle (with whatever repugnancy) the dark accounts betwixt his God and his conscience. The gaieties of the world are not always before him : the bowl of debauch is sometimes empty : the mimic must sometimes sink into himself, and nature may occasionally find vacancy for reflection.—Against such a sober, unsolicited exigence, what can he do ? and in what solacing contemplations can he find recourse ? I will cut out yet amusements for him. The very injuries he has done may be one ; for I have often taken notice, that when the passions have acquired an habit of perversity, they have the magical power of making reason reject her natural employment of shewing what is right, for the obliging casuistry of finding arguments to defend what is wrong. One victory over the conscience inspires emulation to obtain a second. When Alexander had made captive one world, he
only

only wept at the impossibility of carrying destruction into the bowels of another:—and the Taker-off, instead of bewailing, in solitude, the mischief he has already made, may find a parallel gratification in edging the destructive sword of ridicule against the next assassination.

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THE language of poets has always been warm and glowing in the representation of Rural Life. Horace, and Cowley, and Virgil, and Pope, and Dryden, and all the dramatists at his back, with the writers of pastoral and manufacturers of morality, are all animated by the description, and kindle as they go, whenever scenes of shade, and sun, and solitude, are the subject. Lowliness of degree, and happy humility of station (they argue), is a *richness* that Poverty enjoys, to the despair of Wealth.—The man who passes his life in the country (they teach us to believe) indulges in the highest relishes

relishes of human felicity. The din of business and the distraction of debate, the jargon of coffee-houses and the clatter of courts, never interrupt him. He cultivates his land, and improves Nature; by which her bounties are not only dearer, but doubled. He congratulates himself, that no foreign robes are necessary, nor foreign meats; and that he is not obliged to comply with every absurd prescription of the ever-shifting modes of the moment. He hugs himself in his home-bred plenty, pleases himself with the quiet of his character, and laughs at the *laborious idleness* of the rich and fashionable. It were, in a critical view, worth while to see how poets have sung and said alike on this very florid subject. Listen to the similarity of the strains;

“O fountains! when in you shall I,
O fields! O woods! when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?

Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie, that she

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Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

The Gods, when they descend'd, hither

From heav'n did always choose their way ;

And therefore we may boldly say,

That 'tis the way too thither."

So sings the poetical Cowley.

"Who leads a quiet country life,

He views his herds in vales afar ;

Or shears his over-burthen'd sheep,

Or mead for cooling streams prepares ;

Or in the new declining year,

When bounteous Autumn rears his head,

He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,

And clust'ring grapes, with purple spread,

Sometimes, beneath an ancient oak,

Or on the matted grass, he lies ;

No god of sleep he need invoke :

The stream, that o'er the pebbles flies,

With gentle slumbers crowns his eyes."

So says friend Horace.

Happy

"Happy the man whom bounteous Gods allow
 With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !
 Like the first golden mortals, happy he,
 From bus'ness and the cares of money free !
 He sees the lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
 While neighb'ring hills low back to him again ;
 And when the season, rich as well as gay,
 All her autumnal bounty does display,
 This is the life from all misfortunes free."

Thus, in the same key, the elegant Maro, in
 the dress of Dryden.

" Oh ! knew he but his happiness ; of men
 The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale with a choice few retired,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of a country life ;
 Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease."

So sings the Virgilian author of *The Seasons*.

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Hail ! ye soft seats, ye limpid springs and
floods,
Ye flowery vales, and meads and mazy woods !
Here grant me, Heaven ! to end my peaceful
days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays !
So says another tuneful Englishman.

Even the manly Juvenal, in the nervous language of Johnson, speaking of the country, says :

“ There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow’rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow’rs ;
And while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord.
There ev’ry bush with Nature’s music rings,
There ev’ry breeze bears health upon its wings :
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thy evening walk, and morning toil.”

To

To the same purpose, and pretty nearly to the same sentiment, might I collect compliments on the country from a thousand other votaries of the Muses; but these are extracts sufficient to shew, that versifiers are all in the same story: from whence one would be led to conceive, that cities were altogether intolerable, and fields, grots, groves, rills, hills, and fountains were the only objects that answered the pains of searching.—

But, alas! the hours of Arcadia are over; the pastoral pleasures amongst nymphs and swains, shepherds and shepherdesses, are no more; and the joys which we read of in rhyme, a mere poetical Utopia.—Respecting the *natural* beauties of the country (such, I mean, which regard vegetation only), the sweetest swain that ever sung had not an eye to discover, or a heart to feel, or a taste to relish them, in a greater degree than the Writer of this Paper. To the charms of verdure, indeed—to the exquisite variety manifested in that verdure—to the elegant and provident transitions of seasons, each

presenting its proper charm, and all adapted to inspire delight, and promote utility—few can be insensible. The clown enjoys it, without entering into the nicety of original causes. The philosopher enjoys it, and traces, or flatters himself that he traces, the reason and effect to its principle. Ignorance and science are both blessed under the influence of bright suns, plentiful crops, waving woods, luxuriant pasturage.—But the point and principle with which this Essay set out, was to prove, that with respect to *happiness*, poets of all ages, from Maro down to the Caledonian Thomson, have indulged themselves in the flourishes of fable, and, in describing the beauties of the *place*, have run into the mistake of concluding, that such beauties have given greater felicity to the *people*. It is indeed by no means true, that men are happy, or that they esteem themselves so (which folks say is the same thing), in proportion to their natural blessings. It is, perhaps, pretty frequently the reverse; for we see those who are placed in the
 most

most enviable situations (invariable to inexperience), who have extensive gardens, of which every flower might give the young bard a hint to scribble, the most senseless, stupid, dull, and insensible creatures in the creation. All that Nature can perform, even in her summer operations, is a blank to them. They can walk upon the velvet verdure, by the side of the sparkling streamlet (pardon me, kind Reader, for being somewhat poetical), without caring any thing about the matter: nay, they can yawn over beds of roses, "tread under foot the violet," and wish the plummy songsters that build within the shrubbery fairly at the devil. — This may serve to shew, that our great men are not captivated with the country. People in the middle station are in general so full of care, so much bigotted to gainful circumstances of thrift and oeconomy, or so little affected by the discriminating delicacies of taste, that they have really no leisure to look at the hedges, criticise the springing buds, nor examine the progress of

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Providence or Nature.) A Sunday nosegay, indeed, they have, which they awkwardly stick into the button-holes of their coat, and to which they smell till they kill it with kindness, and then throw it away. When, on the evening of that Sunday, they brush off the dust of the week, and walk into the meadows, it must be confessed their sensibility is transiently awakened; for they take particular notice, whether the corn bears a better ear this year than the last; whether the grass is likely to turn out well. Hence they conclude, with infinite prophecy, of the likelihood of things. If they don't relish the prospect, this is the expression: "Why, neighbour, we shall all be ruined. Hay, and barley, and wheat will be dearer than ever; and what, pray, is to become of the poor?"—If they approve what they have analysed, they argue thus: "Well, well—come, come, neighbour—fine crops, heavenly weather—if it does but hold."—"Lovely crops, upon my word—thank God for them—thank God for them—God is very good indeed."

indeed."—Away they go to the chimney-corner again, and over a pint of home-brewed, talk of the goodness of God, and the goodness of crops—consult the weather-glass, and the old woman's toe—are one moment pious, and the next distrustful—till they get into bed, and

—"eat in dreams the custard of the day."

Now, in regard to the ladies, the matrimonial property of the gentlemen in these contrasted conditions, it is but a courtesy I owe the fair-sex, to take notice of their attachment to rural scenes. The woman of fashion is (for fashion's sake) very often a fair creature of such infinite affectation, that she is sometimes (as shifts the mode) obliged to adore, and sometimes to abominate, the country. One day she has such a passion for Nature, that her bosom is ornamented by so prodigious a bosom of natural beauties, that one would be apt to think her half vegetation. While this fragrant fancy is upon her, the chimney, the windows, the window-seats, and

and the mantle, are all *in flower*. The next day "comes a frost, a killing frost;"—that is to say, the lady looks cold upon her yesterday's objects of ardour: she is in so delicate a state of stomach, as to sink under the smell of odours: she cannot possibly support the exquisite oppression of perfumes; the maid is directed, therefore, to remove the flower-pots, and take all the nauseous things out of her sight.—The good woman of the shop, meanwhile, has a different train of ideas upon this subject. Her character is assimilated into that of her husband. She acquires all his love of money, and his mercenary method of getting it. She values the fountain, not because it is favourable to poetical images, but because the water of the spring is more agreeable and commodious in many respects, than that which is drawn from the river. She esteems the brook, not because it babbles and bubbles, but upon account of its purity, and its fine taste either in mixing the pudding, raising the pie-crust, or supplying the tea-kettle.—

And

And as to the articles of flowers, the marjoram, the marygold, and such culinary herbs, are preferred, for the most part, to less useful vegetables; and therefore, like a very wise woman of this world, she makes her broth, dries her lavender, and preserves and pickles; while pinks and roses "in profusion," and in confusion too, were left to flourish and to fade as Nature thought proper. — Now, with regard to *rural Societies*, much I fear the enquiry will not turn out happily, should we enter into particulars. Reputations are even less safe and sacred in the country than in the city. Every little town has its gossip, its lounge, its tell-tale, its inventor, and its critic; and one or all of these know every thing that is going forward in the parish. They assist each other, and, like the paragraphical collectors, open the budget for the mutual entertainment of each other and the town. It is the business of the lounge to listen—the critic is upon the catch—the inventor supplies the imper-

sections

fections of simple truth and mere matter of fact — and the tell-tale and gossip run gadding abroad, to circulate the materials which have been collected by the industry and ingenuity of their friends aforesaid.

“At every word a reputation dies.”

To be serious, however! The general infelicity produced by these, with the wrangling and back-biting amongst the men at their clubs, and of the women at their weekly card-tables or nightly parties, is greater and acuter than can well be imagined. Those who have been long fumigated, and as it were smoke-dried, in a city, sigh ardently for vernal breezes, and the zephyrs of an unclouded sky. This is natural; and so far as refreshment is to be acquired by gales of fragrance, and unobstructed air, the wish to make an excursion is rational. In natural descriptions, therefore, the poet is at full

full liberty, and has a fair opportunity, to indulge his genius; nay, he may be allowed to trespass a little upon matters of fact, and ("his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling") yield to the pleasures of a florid imagination.—

But here let him stop—nor paint as angels all who live in a paradise. The same passions differently exerted, and the same temptations in different shapes, attend the inhabitants of the meadow as of the metropolis. The shades are by no means so peaceful as they are said to be by those who seldom hear them whisper; and believe me, the streams are not more apt to murmur, than those whose cottages are built beside them; neither is the happiness among the branches, nor is the felicity in the forest.

Let us not be seduced into any notion which misguides, to center greater portions of joy in any situation than belong to it. All conditions have their disadvantages. The city
and

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and the country: assist the delights that are afforded by each. Like able lawyers of the same family, they play into one another's hand—and, by this politic artifice, produce wealth, and health, and honours, and enjoyments.——Variety is the very quintessence of bliss. Perennial suns would be shocking, and (to use Shakespeare's language) "leave no worship for that garish orb!" But night comes in to the relief of day, and gives a double welcome to the morning.

So of town and country:—Whoever reside constantly in the latter, are too apt to forget its beauties, even though they should be bi-gotted to its profits;—and the mere cockney thinks all who live out of the sound of Bow-bell, a set of animals who see nothing but what increases their natural vacuity.

The point of wisdom in this case, as in a great many more, is, to acquire a competent knowledge

knowledge of facts, and neither to be extravagant in praise nor wild in censure.—We have, in all situations, more happiness than we merit. Let us not lessen it by fictitious miseries or ill-founded hopes, of which the disappointment is a misery indeed.

THE eye is the monarch feature: it is equally commanding and characterizing. It is to the face what the sun is to the universe. Its life and beauty of the whole. Its language is frequently more intelligible, even than that of the tongue; and the meaning of the mind is often thereby more strongly and plainly expressed. How soon it develops the whole character! How important (says an elegant modern) is this feature to the human form!—The chief index of temper, intellect, feeling, and love!—Indeed, nothing so well displays the properties of the heart. Its powers are chiefly there: the glance—the stare—the look—the the embarrassment—the distance—the denial—the content—the glance at love—the full of

knowledge of life, and neither to be extrava-

gant in little nor in great things.

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these : the glare—the stare—the leer—the sneer
—the encouragement—the defiance—the denial
—the consent—the glance of love—the flush of
rage—

rage—the sparkle of hope—the languishment of softness—the flames of desire—the squint of suspicion—the fire of jealousy—and the lustre of transport. Each of these merits a short comment and exemplification.

Lucius one day met accidentally his old enemy Marcius, who had several years ago offended him. A little while before he saw him, he was gathering flowers in the garden of a friend, with a calm and placid set of features. His looks were suited to the innocence of his amusement. But the moment he beheld Marcius, the soul shot up into the eye, and in the terrific glare of disdain he betokened his aversion. Thus the eye struck the first blow, and announced war before the sword could be drawn.

The stare denotes ignorance, wonder, and admiration, and sometimes *polite forgetfulness*; as if Mrs. A. should meet Mrs. K. after a change of circumstances, and, looking her full in the face,

not be able (or willing, which-ever the Reader pleases) to have seen such a face on earth.

The leer is chiefly confined to the announcings of inordinate desire—half ashamed of its baseness, and half resolved to pursue its purpose.

The sneer denotes a contemptuous sensation, and is that severe sarcasm of the eye, which discovers, generally in silence, the ineffable scorn of the soul.——Venus and Catullus were friends. The former had benefited the latter by a singular instance of hospitality, which the latter (Catullus) abused. The connexion was broken; but Venus afterwards saw Catullus in a mixed company. Catullus turned anxiously pale, and was proceeding to servile compliments. Venus heard them without reply; and, *sneering* at the wretch in the superiority of his heart, left the room without condescending to speak a syllable.

The encouragement belongs chiefly to the ladies, and is distinguished by proper degrees of inviration;—the *come, for you may*—the *do what you will*—and the *do if you dare*. The first gradation always gives the face a gentle allurements; the second is attended with some charming blushes; and the third darts a glory and triumphant lightning from between the eye-lashes, which fires while it defies.——When Strephon, in the language of the eye, says, “Will you, Chloe, allow me to speak my passion?” then replies Chloe, “Aye; come—for you may.” “You must, you shall, *make me happy*,” says Strephon. “Heaven!” cries Chloe, “you are so teasing; but—*do what you will*.” “I could kill you, Chloe, with kisses,” says Strephon. “*Do if you dare*,” answers Chloe.

The defiance belongs to the haughty character, and is marked by a quick ambitious sort of sparkle, terminating very often in the gloom of denial.

The consent is one of the loveliest ornaments of the face, and in either sex illumines the eye with the most benevolent radiance. It is constantly attended by smiles, and often ushered by a dimple.—Never, O ye fair daughters of Britain! never discountenance this delightful associate of beauty—since it is not only necessary to charity, softness, and humanity, but to love itself.

The glance of Love needs no comment.

The flash of rage—and the sparkle of hope—are strongly contrasted; the one denoting the madness, the other the health, of the heart; the driving the blood impetuously into the face, and urging it even to the balls of the eye; and that generally stirring it through the vessels, in the pleasing blushes and exercise of health.

Suspicion—desire—and jealousy—are all of them allied, and enfuriate the eye whenever they enslave the mind.

In

In a word, the human eye is a very faithful index. It is the sovereign feature, and regulates, deforms, or disorders the rest. And I cannot help wishing this hurried sketch may give the hint to some men of taste and leisure to pursue so delicate a subject—not as a point of anatomy, but of *moral* investigation—that we might see how far genius could carry its sentiments on this novel occasion.

PLAIN ADVICE
TO A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

THOUGH I was only once in your company, I can see how desirous your mother is, that you should become a wise, amiable, and accomplished man. If you do not industriously improve the most valuable years that are allotted you, it is impossible that you should ever be adorned with any of those qualities. Instead of being wise, you will be ignorant: instead of being accomplished, you will be awkward and uninformed. You are now at an age to know truth from error; right from wrong; propriety from impropriety;—and it were much to your honour, if you would give your mother as early an instance of your ingenuity and excellence

of heart as possible. Do not think it enough to con your lesson, to perform your task, or to finish your exercise: endeavour to let the improvements of heart and head go together, even before you leave school. Previous to your entering into the world, you may give many displays of a future good conduct. A little observation will furnish you with objects both of instruction and generosity; and when you step a little farther into life, you will feel the importance of having attended to these matters while under the protection of a school-master. I beg of you to consider, what a silly figure those young men make, who come from school into the society of men without being, as it were, able to read out of any book but their own; or, in other words, without being able to converse with any but their old school-fellows. How awkwardly they move! how childishly they talk! how absurdly they sit! — All this is prevented by a proper care, and by your choosing rather

parlour than kitchen company—rather the society of men than children.

One of the worst faults contracted at school, is an habit of disguising the truth. Story-telling is at first, perhaps, only a little trick to pass away the time;—but I have often, very often, known a lad of good dispositions glide on from one untruth to another, till he at last became so atrocious a liar that nobody could believe him. There is not such an ornament in the whole world, either to man or boy, as the adherence to truth. Falshood is at the same time paltry and scandalous; and, what is worse, they always are sure to be discovered; whereas truth will even hide more faults than charity, and carry you through life with ease, honour, and reputation. Amongst the first virtues of youth, is gratitude to our natural friends. Your mother will in a few years call for your tender attentions, and the soothing

soothing affluities of a kind relation. When money loses the power to give pleasure, and when we shut ourselves up from the intrusions and unwelcome splendours of the world, how charming is it for parents to make the pillow of their age the bosom of an affectionate son! And as age has a thousand unavoidable infirmities, how delightful to your mother will it be, if you endeavour to remove all that is disagreeable, and to render pleasing those hours which are past either in the languors of sickness, the pains of age, or in the tedious moments of distemper!

It is very usual for young folks at your time of life, to think they know better than their friends; and therefore to laugh at all advice, and, nay, to be sometimes pert or angry at those who give them it. This, however, is a very unpromising sign. Were it not for advice, how many more murders and miseries of all kinds would be committed! If you ever expect to have a friend, you must suffer him to shew himself

himself one by disclosing the sentiments of his heart, with a noble, generous, and unlimited freedom. Every companion that plays with you is not a friend; but he who points out to you the rule which you should follow, is a sincere one; and it is a thousand times better to think so now, than to find it so too late. A young man who condescends to be guided, may very likely guide others in his turn by and by; and then his honour will increase with the length of his life; but a silly, obstinate character will be despised in his youth, and shunned in his old age. A late Nobleman has involved politeness and insincerity together. I will venture to say, in opposition to him, that they should never be mixed, and that they have naturally no sort of connection with each other. The politest man may be the sincerest, and the least capable of dissimulation; and it is this sort of politeness I would wish you, my young friend, to aspire to. What I mean by politeness is not bowing, flattering, fawning, cringing, or telling stories, to soothe vanity

or please insignificance ; I mean, on the contrary, that agreeable deportment which makes us willing to see every body about us contented and happy. Complimental civilities frequently mean nothing, or else mean something worse than if they had no meaning. But real good breeding is a most amiable quality. It entertains in conversation ; it tenderly unites the individual to the community ; it pleases, touches, attracts. It consists, as a learned French lady has well observed, in a desire to please the persons with whom we live or associate. It induces us to behave in such a manner that all the world may be satisfied with us. It teaches us to give respect to our superiors, esteem to our equals, and condescension to our inferiors. In short, it consists in a care to please, and say what is exactly proper and delicate to every body, whether friends, strangers, intimates, or common acquaintance ; and this is the sort of politeness I would have you practise, especially as you are likely to have the advantages of fortune, if you take care

to deserve them.—Notwithstanding fortune, I hope, however, your industry will point your genius to some profession. A life of plentiful indolence is the most wretched of all existence: even a life of poverty is not so disagreeable. It is really coming *into* and going *out* of the world, without leaving any virtuous or praise-worthy traces to distinguish us. Take care, therefore, my dear Sir, to turn your attention to something at once honourable and laudable; but remember, that unless you apply, to whatever you undertake, diligently, you had better undertake nothing, and doze out life without any pursuit. Every one of the professions demand the most assiduous attention; eminence in none of them can be obtained by fits and snatches; and it is the severest satire to say of a young man, "He is a smatterer." Let it be your anxious aim to be master of whatever you engage in. Remember at the same time, that you are not to choose your profession in a hurry. As your mother gives you up to your inclination on this subject, for Heaven's

ven's sake, for her's, and for your own, deliberate. When you have chosen, pray recollect that your choice is for life. Rambling from one business to another will only waste your youth, your money, and every thing that is valuable. I have often been amazed to hear private gentlemen say, they were rich enough without employment. In my opinion, very few can afford to live a life of laziness; because they may always circulate what they get by a noble profession, and do the good that is connected with it into the bargain. If he chooses the army, he may assist his country and friends at the same instant: if the law or the church, they both afford many opportunities of liberality, equity, eloquence, and piety.—I trust these few friendly hints to your reading, and shall think the little pains I have been at well rewarded, if they save you from one danger, or promote one moment's happiness to you or to your mother.

PLAIN ADVICE

TO A

YOUNG LADY.

AS I lately addressed your brother upon several of the most important points of manly conduct, and which would be of great service to him when he came into the world, and engaged in a more intimate and interested commerce with his fellow-creatures; I shall now employ myself, agreeable to my promise, in the pleasing task of offering such sentiments to you, as I judge necessary to the elegance, decoration, or utility of female life. What is written with fidelity should be received and read with candour; and I have the vanity to hope, that the following observations will not only add to your accomplishments as a woman, but prepare you for society and the world. The very foundation,

and,

and, as I may say, corner-stone of female happiness, is a love of domestic life, which will make her home agreeable; and never was a poetical sentiment more practically true than this:

“If solid happiness we prize;

Within our breast that jewel lies;

And they are fools who roam,

The world has nothing to bestow:

From our own selves our joys must flow,

And that dear hut, *our home*.”

Let your utmost efforts, therefore, my dear cousin, be directed towards making your own house delightful to you: it will produce economy, purchase content, and prevent splenetic sentiments. At the same time, do not expect from domestic situations more joys than they can, in the nature of things, bestow. Family joys will ever be counter-balanced by family sorrows; and degrees of pleasure will, in this world, ever have their proportionate degrees of pain.

pain. Every human creature has a share of both. Happy is *he* or *she* to be accounted, who has not the scale preponderated by the larger portion of misery. To reject disdainfully the division of pleasure that is allowed you, will only make the little less; while a grateful acceptance of trifles will make more important things either not expected, or, if they *do* happen, be received with moderation. Here the same poet furnishes you with another delightful and useful maxim:

“Your portion is not large, indeed;
 But then, how little do we need!
 For Nature's calls are few;
 In this the art of living lies—
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.”
 Let your most animating and genuine prayers
 be directed for the greatest blessings of life—
 the blessings of content. How soon, my dear
 Clarissa,

Clarissa, will a right sense of what is *really* a sufficiency teach you to smile at the glutton designs of ambition, the bribes of greatness, and the superfluous wants of an inordinate fancy! If you can once have that command over your passions, either for dress, diversions, or all the *et ceteras* in the female catalogue of desires, to say unto them, "Thus far shall ye go, and no farther, and here I command thee to stop"—then will you acquire all that is most to be desired—a serenity undisturbed by imaginary wants—a peace, which passeth all the tumults of fortune and giddiness of gaiety—a philosophy built upon the soul's conviction, and strengthened by the sentiments of christianity.

These, my dear, you will find the sources of real happiness, though they *appear* only secondary principles; and those which seem first principles are unsubstantial as the "baseless fabric of a vision," which after a little flutter, and a little

PLAIN ADVICE TO A

glittering absurdity, will "leave not a wreck behind."—Such, whatever men or women, or rather boys and girls, of the world may suggest to the contrary—such are the fantastical ornaments of dress, title, equipage, and all the frolics of luxury and imagination. These produce all the gaieties of wretchedness, and the splendid pre-eminences of misery. Very early in this letter, must I warn my dear cousin against the invasions of the tender passion. Be on your guard against a tyrant, to which the gentleness of your nature will give but too much encouragement. Neither poets nor prose-men can too frequently or too feelingly arm the female bosom against the various and multiplied delusions of this passion; for although

"Love's the most generous passion of the mind,"

it is (agreeable to another poet) but too often

"A fair enchantment, where the reason's bound."

Such

Such may lurk in a smile, and destruction be
gaily habited in a compliment. Cupid is a
magician, and master of a thousand spells to
answer his roguish purposes;

“Lo! where the enchanted captive dreams
Of warbling groves, and purling streams;
Of painted meads, of flowers that shed
Their odours round the fragrant bed;
Quick shifts the scene—the charm is lost—
She wakes upon a desert coast.”

Consider, that it is not enough for a woman to
be *really* and *intrinsically* blameless; she must also
be free from *imputation*. It is in vain to say, I
despise the prejudices of custom—or, I laugh at
the absurdity of the multitude; for, if the public
voice is against us, the private one will be in vain
for us. You must, therefore, take care how you
look guilty; for I again repeat it, it is not enough
to be innocent, and *seem* otherwise. This may be

a *severity*, in your opinion; and certainly it is. But it is indispensable, because disgrace and desertion attend your disregard of it. It is in vain to argue where the necessity is important, and the very basis of your reputation. In this place, let me recommend, almost as the guide of your whole life, the sentiments of a most exquisite fable, by the late Mr. Edward Moore, called *The Female Seducers*; which, for the ease of its versification, the delicacy of its maxims, and the pathetic management of its incidents, stands in the first line of that sort of writing, and as the most pleasing performance (that way) in the English language. I have in this letter room only for a few lines as a specimen; which, short as it is, will induce you, and I hope many of your acquaintance, to get the whole fable by heart. I shall select that part of it which is more directly apposite to our present subject. Oh! my *Clarissa*, give your sincerest attention:

“ ’Tis

" 'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore
That breathe along Arabia's shore.
The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd from his way;
But *woman* no redemption knows—
The wounds of honour never close.

" Are there no offerings to atone
For but this single error? None.
And must weak *woman* then disown
The change to which a world is prone;
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like evening suns decline—
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of *woman*?—Yes."

You see upon what a delicate tenure you hold the most valuable of your possessions. Preserve, therefore, all the vivacity of innocence; but take care that you do not indulge high spirits, lest they overleap the barrier of decorum and delicacy. Far be it from me, however, to wish to see you a slave to common forms, or gross prejudices. A prude in one sex is as bad as a coxcomb in the other. Mere forms are only for the adoption of shallow characters.—I would have you above all this. I would have you give a decent indulgence to the innocent sallies of the heart. Cultivate the soft engagements of friendship; but do not uncircumspectly lay yourself open to the treacheries that *may be* practised upon you under that sacred character. I would not even check your well-directed fondness for one of the other sex;—only take care that it is well directed. I am as warm an advocate for love as you can be; and am only guarding against its *penalties*, not against its *pleasures*:

“ ’Tis

"'Tis love combin'd with guilt, alone that

melts

The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth :

But *virtuous* passion swells the great resolve,

And fans the slumbering spark of heavenly

fire."

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MUSIC, PAINTING, AND POETRY.

AN antient French author, in commenting upon the writings of Lucan, has given, without perhaps intending it, a very just definition of human Poetry. "It is (says he) the ingenious art of painting speech, and speaking to the eyes: it is the art of giving at once body, soul, and colouring to thought."

The capacity of *thinking* is sufficient to distinguish a mere Man of Sense; but to be a Poet, one must have a capacity also of imagining. The works of Homer, Hesiod, and Virgil, are a kind of picture-galleries, open to every lover of the fine arts. Homer is the *Poet of Painters*. The same may be said of Virgil. In real truth, what picture of Michael Angelo hath more expression and force than the combat
of

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of Cacus and Alcides, in the *Æneid*! In Homer one finds in every page, even still more than in Virgil, pictures of the utmost sublimity and greatness. *Invention* is in all nations the most essential attribute, and the most infallible sign of real *genius*. In cultivating the arts, those who do not invent, cannot deserve the title of great men. Yet the man of fine invention is not always a Poet. Then only he becomes a Poet, when giving to his expressions that colour which distinguishes the poetical style from all others. It follows that the art of painting is the true talent of Poets; and that the understanding all the resources it may boast, can never be able either to imitate this talent, or to supply the want of it. The necessity of painting extends to *all kinds* of poetry. The Poet who paints not, is no more than a versifier, a rhimester; a man who makes syllables chink and jingle to each other, couplet by couplet; a mere echoer of ding-dong. A fine and masterly picture hath the characteristic merit of an Epic poem.

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poem : the ballad or sonnet, when well executed, may pass for a sort of picture in *little*—a miniature, for instance. Universal nature is the object of Poetry. It is therefore necessary (at least so far as the limits of life and those of the intellect permit) that the veritable Poet should have a general acquaintance with all that belongs to the wit and senses, as well as with all that is *material* or *animate*. Ignorant Poets are ever feeble copyists ; they paint after the descriptions of those who themselves borrowed of others. Thus it is that we find, in books, the agitation of the ocean drawn by men who never were on the bosom of salt water ; the horrors of a shipwreck, of which they were never witnesses ; the clamour of camps, without the least knowledge of military business :—and, in short, it is hence that we read maxims of government without the smallest knowledge of politics ; and a commentary on the passions, and their effect on the manners, without the least knowledge of the human heart.——Barren even in their account of rural life,

life, these ordinary Poets describe only flowery meadows, murmuring rivers; Aurora's tears, and flirtation of the zephyrs. One sees in a moment, that they guess at the beauties of the country only by the dusty gardens of the city; and the birds that blacken their plumes in the environs of Islington, are perhaps the only ones they ever heard to warble. Never did they behold with their eyes, *out of print*, and with the eyes of a Painter, the different aspects of the varying heavens, and the changes which shift for ever the picture of the universe. Their descriptions are crowded and confused. It is impossible to discover, through them, any of those bold and commanding traits, which draw up the veil that is hung over the fair face of Nature. Their drapery covers the nakedness of the Graces, till they are really wholly *ungraceful*. Young Poets in particular rarely give to different objects the colour and degree of powerful expression which is requisite to set them off. They mix and blend all sorts of style, and jumble a dance and a death,

sea

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Sea and fire, earth and air, without properly knowing how to mix up their elements. Thus then it hath proved, that Poetry is the art of painting nature, in giving to the understanding a soul and body. Will it be then wondered at, that it has preserved in all ages, even the most barbarous, a constant empire over the minds of men? Poetry, celestial dame! The unites all the advantages and graces of two arts, the most amiable. Music also is in her train. She imitates the charms of Painting by her images, and the thrillings of Music by her harmony. The taste for picture and for song seems as natural to man, as the faculties of seeing and hearing. It is next to an impossibility, while one has the use of eyes and ears, not to indulge them alternatively in the sight of an object, beautifully imitated, and to the charms of listening to harmonious sounds. The inference is, I presume, that the understanding, agitated by the sweet impressions of the two acute senses, has necessarily invented the art of Poetry. If the philosophers,

philosophers, whose understanding is often more serious than delicate, more just than extensive, had penetrated into the causes and origin of Poetry, Painting, and Music; far from disdaining those delicate arts, they would have considered them as established between the soul and the senses, and as those delicious pleasures which the Author of Nature hath lent us, to make the otherwise "nauseous cup of life go down."

A profound geomettician will ever treat Poetry as a trifle; and yet the great Newton himself will not live so long in the memory as old Homer. For this there is a sufficient reason: Few men have that degree of intellectual light which can lend them a ray through the obscure path of Newtonian knowledge; but almost every man hath that feeling which suffices to love, and even to cultivate in a certain degree, those sciences which are at once pure, pleasing, and amiable.

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amiable. Poetry hath been censured, as having a tendency to encourage vice. If this could be proved, Prose would have too great a superiority over Poetry. But it is an absurd hypothesis; and those who reflect before they decide, will be particularly cautious how they decry an art so innocent and so respectable; an art which was in its birth assiduously cultivated in the holy temples, at the foot of altars the most hallowed; an art which was consecrated by the lyre of David, by the pen of Job, and by the voice of the greatest prophets; an art too which, from age to age, hath been the delight of the most embellished wit, and the panegyric of princes who have had the taste or the virtue to protect it. That very virtue and taste would immediately become useless to posterity, if talents did not immortalise those who, memory assures us, were in possession of them. Thus, in order to maintain decorum in society, and to hasten the progress of knowledge, it is incumbent on every citizen to be so thoroughly convinced of the obligations

obligations which he owes the State, that his genius should never be suffered to destroy, but always to nourish his duty; and he should be aware, that knowledge and virtue should live in the same heart, and in the most affectionate manner. He should be apprized, that the arts which are the most frivolous in appearance, are tied together by a bond so firm, that they must never be separate. Woe be to him who hath the boldness to break this sacred chain; or who, in order to check an abuse, ceases to bestow a proper degree of encouragement! It is not difficult to shew, that the most useful and respectable sciences would be presently deserted, if the *taste* for them was destroyed. Are we ignorant, that this amiable taste in softening the ferocity of our manners, in polishing the barbarous style of our compositions, in leading the senses to the Temple of Truth by the most agreeable paths, has, step by step, extended the circle of human wisdom? But how could this taste, which has restored to us the sublimest sciences—how could it

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it ever have surmounted ignorance and barbarism, unaided by the elegant assistances of Poetry, Painting, and Music? What soothing enchantments subsist between arts that are useful! And how often do great things derive their consequence and their force from such as are minute!

VANITY.

V A N I T Y.

THE vanity of mankind has been written upon, and deplored by every person of speculation. Pride is one of the universal passions; and although some of the wisest maxims have been offered to suppress it, and the noblest sentiments to erase it—it yet retains its influence in every human bosom, and in some degree eclipses the understanding of every character. An error so differently modified, so variously displayed, and so continually exerted, will always supply the moralist with food for the intellect, and incite in him new methods of conveying his precepts; as physicians have each new methods of prescription and application for the incidental disorders of nature, as they affect oppositely every respective constitution. Vanity seems to be one of those vices which we imbibe the earliest, and explode

the latest. Its operation on the mind, like that of some poisons in the body, dilates it to a distension that is exceedingly injurious to it. I am not certain that it is not a dispositional error, and am rather inclined to think it sometimes descends in a lineal and regular direction, improving its protuberance as it lengthens the hereditary line; for do we not often see the son more ridiculously coxcombic than the father—and how pitiful a reptile then must be the tail of an antient pedigree!—There are innumerable ways by which this natural swelling inclination is heightened, and a thousand circumstances by which every vain spark is fanned into a flame; and amongst these, flattery is the most noxious and infective instigation. The imagination is fired by praises on which we have no claim from merit; and we catch, with unfortunate eagerness, at those common adulations which are the result either of interest, partiality, or folly. Flattery is like those cordials which enfeeble while they inspire: it is the assured bane of every rising virtue, and

the supporter of every vanity : it is the child of Falshood ; and the polite are not aware, how near allied compliment is to downright lying. It is hence that we become proud of those parts of our characters that in truth are the most defective : it is hence we so often see beauty clouded by affectation, youth boastive of its folly, and age the dupe of opinion : — it is, in short, hence, that all which comprises the amiable of life is reversed, and all of the detestable is introduced.

It may be observed, that men of parts, and those who are celebrated for any peculiar excellencies of character or accomplishment, are most susceptible to this sweet infatuation. Their great sensibility makes them very liable to every pleasing impulse of nature ; and the delicacy of their ideas always refines so infinitely on their own importance, that they receive the incense and homage sometimes offered them, as the mere, and even inadequate, reward of their merit.

There is nothing so mortifying to persons of literary talents, as shewing a sort of civil indifference of their productions. I have often seen an unhappy bard almost blasted by a silence as to his works, when he has himself brought them on the carpet; and his eyes shine with pleasure, as a whisper of distinction, or compliment of applause, is circulated from lip to lip. This impatience of praise certainly proceeds from an ambition of superiority, and is therefore in some sort a mark of vanity. Yet it is, perhaps, of the most warrantable kind; for we easily admit his excuses, and even find before-hand advocates in his favour, whose weaknesses are blended with some virtues, and whose pride does not spring from the vanity of any odious passion, but from that natural love of consequence of which we all participate. And sure, every emulation of eminence in the finer arts of life is highly praiseworthy, although it be accompanied with some frailties of humanity. There will be found numbers without number, whose vanity has no basis but

but effrontery, ostentation, and opinion, and whose pride is founded on the confidence of impudence, and ignorance of conceit. These have no plea—but should be hoisted from society, as wretches unfit for trust and conversation.

When we see the fop plume on the nothingness of his dress, the coquette on the elegance of an uncertain form, the prude on the pride of an unfeeling virtue, and the trader on the dexterity of deception; shall we not look tenderly on these natural vanities, which have their origin in more excusable causes?—Indeed I cannot help thinking, that every man of genius has a moral claim to our particular veneration: for if we consider how few there are of real abilities; how arduous the task, and how great the hazard of publication; what pangs a performance of learning affords its author; how, night after night, and month after month, his faculties are on the stretch, and his apprehensions on the wing, through a laborious series of thinking;

and when it is moreover reflected, that, by the pain and study of the writer, the circle of our intellectual amusements is extended, the sphere of our knowledge enlarged, and our ideas taught to flow in a wider channel;—surely we might pass over the human weaknesses of the man, and pay our willing plaudit to the scholar.

Yet, after all, the sons of science should content themselves with the commendation and encouragement of those from whom they always may be sure of it—the sensible and the refined.

——I had almost said, there are as few real critics as there are exquisite authors. Indeed, the bulk of mankind are engaged in avocations of business and commerce, and have not leisure, or in general, inclination, to turn over the volumes of knowledge. And as to that very large class of mortals who call themselves men of fun and frolic, properly speaking, the butterflies of the species—any lesson that inculcates virtue, or any principle that clashes with their maxims, is rejected;

rejected; and the Loves of Aginflaus and Parthenia, or the Poems of Lord Rochester, are the only guides of their gallantry. To discover, pursue, overtake, and destroy, like blood-hounds, is their plan; and from these no man of reason will expect to hear the praises that are due either to virtue, to genius, or to distinctions of any kind.

But the most ridiculous of all pride is that which is built on the dignity of birth. This family-vanity is the sole cause of many matrimonial sorrows, and of the disunion of various friendships. One would suppose it of small consequence, whether a man was born to-day or a thousand years ago, or whether our parents (if honest) were conquerors or captives. Yet we see it is now a first domestic inquiry, whether our blood is ennobled by the honours of ancestry? And I have even known instances where worth, virtue, merit, nay, indeed, every thing but fortune, have been overlooked, in consideration

of an ancient lineage, and the untraceable date of descendants.

It would be a very good first maxim, to despise all praise that has not its foundation in real desert, and not to aim at any eminence that will not bring its own infallible recompence. Vanity counteracts her own purposes, nor has virtue or merit any occasion for such a poor assistant. True genius will (sooner or later) inevitably incite the admiration of the discerning. Beauty never fails to recommend itself; and benevolence of heart commands the applause of every tongue.

THE

It is on the heel of the other. If every man was to look back to the earlier stages of his own life, and that of some of his friends, he would be struck at the wonderful revolutions made in a few years; and as he attended more closely to the retrospect, he would start at the retrospect. dangers which were elapsed by the most sudden turns of good fortune, and tremble at the

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ACCIDENTS OF LIFE.

THERE are few, if any, subjects, more entitled to our consideration and regard, than the accidents of life, or those fortuitous circumstances which happen without either expectation or knowledge: and these incidental chances are so numerous in the histories of some men, that their lives are perfect registers of unforeseen and uncommon events, each following close on the heel of the other. If every man was to look back to the earlier stages of his own life, and that of some of his friends, he would be astonished at the wonderful revolutions made in a very few years; and as he attended more closely to the retrospect, he would start at the recollection of dangers which were escaped by the most sudden turns of good fortune, and tremble at the miseries

miserics which he has, he knows not how, avoided.

The whirls of Fate are indeed so various, that we have no ensurance of a moment's tranquillity; nor are we ascertained, that the breath which now drinks in the balm of the morning, shall not desert its station in our bodies before the setting of the sun; yet it is possible, that innumerable events, almost miraculous, shall happen within the narrow limits of a single day.

In less time than that in which the sun performs his circuit, battles have been decided, nations besieged, cities sacked, and kingdoms capitulated: and the wretch has been elevated from despair to extacy, and the happy have been absorbed in inconceivable anguish, in the course of twenty-four hours. He who considers this, cannot, I think, fail to be strikingly impressed with a manifest assurance of the brevity of life, and of the incertain state of human possessions.

This

This is also a reflection that should repress the swellings of ambition, and silence the clamours of discontent; for thus may every man in silence argue with himself, and gather no unuseful lesson from the argument. I am now alive, in vigour, gaiety, and health; yet let me not presume on the advantages of youth, since youth is not privileged from misery or death; for the spirits which by their redundancy occasion my gaiety, may in a moment sink before the depressions of a thousand natural distempers; and my health, that now flushes my cheek, and enriches my heart, is precarious—dependent on a pulse, which sickness may alarm, pain enfever, or the smallest shock discompose. I am the child of frailty. My most favourite passions may counteract the intention with which they were implanted; and my emulation, by soaring too bold a flight, may cause me to sink in an instant to the earth. A being sensible of his own insufficiency, will not permit thoughts of this nature to be long absent from his mind; but, in the moment when

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temptations assail and desires solicit, will refer to them for the power of resistance, and gladly shelter his soul in their sanctuary. That which we call accident, is indeed no other than the regular design of Heaven. That which we nominate chance, is the invisible direction of the Deity. There is in fact no such thing as accident: nothing, however trifling, is adventitious. The Author of Nature has indeed concealed, from finite wisdom, such mysteries as he judged necessary to secure our felicity, to excite our awe, and awaken our apprehension. He has denied us prescience, his own sacred prerogative; and therefore we cannot foresee the course of chance. And happy it is for us that we cannot. I do not know any thing which would be by any means so dreadful, as a power of prophecy, or foreseeing accidents. What in nature would be so terrible, however devout our lives, as to know the manner and the moment of our death; to be certain of the chance in which

“All chance, direction which we cannot see.” FORD.

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the limbs of a friend shall be shivered away; when our children shall expire in convulsions, and ourselves parch in the pangs of a fatal fever? Was this unfortunate faculty bestowed, how constantly miserable should we be rendered by such a cruel certainty! and how should we, like the husbandman who offered up his idle prayers to Jupiter for power, sigh again for humble ignorance and proscribed intelligence!

An universal uncertainty of all human concerns is therefore entirely necessary, to remind us of our weakness and imbecility; to awaken our attention to that solemn hour when every scheme of this world shall expire with the artificer; and to limit our excursions of fancy; that, as we know not when we shall die, we may learn to live a life of preparation.

As we are convinced of our being liable to such complicated attacks, and that a moment may render useless the toil of fourscore years, that
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conviction might, methinks, point out to us the necessity of exerting our best abilities, with resolute industry, to perpetuate our memory, and leave behind us some laudable memorial of our benevolence or application. Let the same certainty also teach humility to presumption, and inspire distress with hope; for the insolent affluence of the one may be sacrificed to supply the necessities of the other. It is a most stupendous reflection, to consider how wonderfully we are preserved from these surrounding Accidents, when from the surprising mechanism of our bodies, and nice formation of our minds, it seems almost a preternatural providence, that some spring of life does not relax, or some principal wheel in the natural machine does not every moment fall into disorder. Yet we see those whose limbs have every day from the cradle to the grave been bathed in drudgery; those who have encountered storm and tempest, and even surmounted "hair-breadth escapes," sinking into their eternal quiet, in the perfect sanity of every

sense

sense and every limb. How strongly does this mark the features of the Divine Character! for as he has wisely subjected us to the power of accidents, he has as kindly shielded us from them when he found it proper to spare.

The events of chance, I have before said, though they may suppress the towering of pride, yet afford an encouraging cordial to the wretched; since the most poignant misery may, in the very moment of despondence, receive comfort in the next.

MOON-LIGHT.

I WAS a few evenings since indulging in a contemplation by moon-light. The beauty of the firmament, and the balminess of the air, at this season of the year, together with the many objects which were set off with a sort of shaded silver, conspired to fill the mind with a series of moral considerations on the immense wisdom and benevolence of the Deity, who hath in his division of time so admirably disposed the opposite periods of light and darkness; as it would be impossible to take that repose which is requisite to the renovation of nature, while the beams of the sun and the bustle of the world obtruded; and not less inconvenient to pursue our common business or pleasures under the zenith of meridian obscurity.

No

No sooner has the day shut in, than every thing seems to invite us to share the universal pause of Nature. Creation appears to feel the influence of sleep, and surrounding silence soothes the passions into a calm, while lassitude prepares us for slumber. It might convince the sceptic, were he to reflect on the stupendous works of the Author of Night, and of his great tenderness and vigilance over us and the weary world in this solemn scene. While the senses of man are lapt in the sweets of repose, and every head reclining on its pillow, he still guides the spheres in their motion, and regulates the planets in their rotation. His dews fall silent and salutary on the earth, and freshen the herb, and suckle the flower, to gladden the waking hour. He extends his guardian eye over the habitable globe, and, without disturbing his creatures, conducts the moon through her circuit; and having drawn shade above shade till all is enveloped in a midnight gloom, he gradually withdraws the veil, and

watches the progress of the dawn. Then having unshadowed the last appearance of night, he delights the world with revisited light, and paints all his benevolence in the eye of the morning, till all his blessings are again presented full and ardent by the glories of his risen sun.

There is no season in life more suited to meditation and serious reflection than this, in which all is soft, pensive, and still. For this reason, I often enjoy a walk in the tranquil hour of midnight, and always find at such times my soul best disposed to pay its reverence to its Maker, and contemplate on the infinity and mercy of its Origin.

Religion herself seems to love this scene of tranquillity; and, stealing forth under the shade of night from the madness of man, walks under the spangled heaven in solemn humiliation.— Indeed, it is hard for human nature not to feel

its

its mighty obligations in every scene of life; but in this, wherein the mind must of course fall into reflections of the most serious kind, it is almost impossible to avoid a virtuous rhapsody of heart; since all around appears eloquent in homage, and wanting only human voice, to be articulate to our comprehension, in that adoration which in every act is silently proclaimed, and fully understood by the Lord of Nature and Eternity.

There is not, I think, any time wherein a good man can so gloriously gratify his favourite benevolence as midnight; when, conscious, warm, and inspired, he beholds the hemisphere a blaze of worlds, and considers that his fellow-creatures are reviving their spirits under the influence of sleep, and during that sleep under the immediate guardianship of God, whose invisible attendance he considers as protecting every absorbed sense and closed eye. His mind enlarges and dilates

as it revolves these mercies; till, elevating itself to a pitch of a more sublime and lofty nature, he soars into heaven itself; and becomes so far abstracted in the mighty idea, that, grasping all that is stupendous and amazing, he falls into a trance of astonishment, and loses every faculty of sense in incomprehension; till, recovering, he finds new objects demanding his veneration, and fresh instances of eternal benevolence, rectitude, and divinity.

I have sometimes in this scene considered the Deity as acting the part of a fond and tender parent, who watches with reiterated care the infant of her soul, and at the risque of every pain and peril to herself, night after night attends the cradle, rocking the sleeper into rest; and then, that its slumbers may be sound, protecting it from every horror of the gloom, and vision of the night.

The

The night is also the hour of sacred contemplation. The lustre of the stars, the stillness of the air, the silence of the scene, and the awfulness of the season, conspire to heighten our ideas, and overwhelm the heart in a flood of reflections drawn from those inexhaustive sources of adoration.

It is in these sober retirements, when we give ourselves up to the wonders of God and Nature, that we are best able to begin the task of reformation, or pursue the business of unostentatious prayer. Then no intemperate intrusions allure us, no insinuating temptations entice, nor any unruly passions disturb or ruffle the bosom, which is then most easily opened to admit sincerity, contrition, penitence, and wisdom.

In short, there are such moral as well as natural advantages accruing from night, that it may be well termed one of the great blessings of Almighty

mighty Goodness ; besides that it adds greatly to the introducing that variety, the love of which is so powerful in human nature ; nor would the splendour of the sun prove half so agreeable or useful, was he not indebted to darkness for an occasional eclipse.

At the close of a winter evening, there is to me something uncommonly agreeable in observing mankind voluntarily divide themselves into little communities, according as their affections have engaged them, and acting upon the principles of nature—inasmuch that, before it is well dark, the whole world is separated into families ; each, however, so connected with the other, that, in their very disparture, they have an intimate regard to, and dependence on, the whole. As soon as I imagine each has retired to his home, I am made happy by reflecting on the pleasing tranquillity around me ; and never enjoy a more perfect satisfaction, than when I can have occasion to suppose

suppose my fellow-creatures blest around me;
and generally conclude my walk and meditations
with a wish for the felicity of every indivi-
dual, and a prayer for their well-being until the
dawn.

THE END.

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